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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Theek.

WE might wish, for the sake of what credit is left to us in the world, that having decided to let the Lord Mayor of Cork die, Ministers would keep their mouths and not merely their minds closed. Mr. Bonar Law is a rebel who was let off by his political opponents. For such a man to write at all about the wickedness of the Lord Mayor of Cork is an unseemly spectacle. But his letter contains a statement which shows amid what false notions of the forms of justice these Ministers move. "He was arrested," says Mr. Bonar Law, "while actively conducting the affairs of a rebel organization under cover of a Mayoral Court." Was the Lord Mayor tried on this charge? If so, the public have not been informed. If not, how does Mr. Bonar Law defend his impropriety? If Mr. Bonar Law is allowed to bring charges against a prisoner on which the military authorities did not dare to try him even before a courtmartial, there is no end to the license of accusation. No doubt when he is dead we shall be told that the Lord Mayor committed murder.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE threw out a suggestion that the Lord Mayor's friends should promise that no more constables should be murdered. In other words, the Lord Mayor's friends are to come forward and say that they have instigated the murders, and that they have it in their power to stop them. If the Austrian Government had seized Mazzini and offered to surrender him on the understanding that no more Austrian agents should be murdered, we know what would have been said in this and in other countries. What makes the remark specially insolent is that Mr. Lloyd George cannot give on behalf of his own agents the understanding which he asks from the Lord Mayor's friends on behalf of the Irishmen who murder constables. The military terrorism in Ireland is growing worse every day, and the authorities take no steps whatever to put an end to it. When Parliament meets, a rigorous inquiry must be demanded into the conduct of soldiers and policemen in Queenstown and other places.

THE coal dispute entered on a new phase on Tuesday night, when Sir Robert Horne invited the miners' executive to meet him on Thursday morning. The ostensible purpose of the meeting was to try to clear away certain misunderstandings that, almost inevitably, had arisen when each side was making proposals or protestations through the newspapers, instead of discussing matters in Whitehall. Sir Robert deserves congratulation for taking the initiative at a moment when no one saw clearly how the parties were to be brought together again. The mediation move which was hoped for from the Trades Union Congress had not been made. Indeed, the Congress was enigmatically silent about the crisis, and everybody was given to understand on Tuesday that a discussion would not be initiated officially. Sir Robert Horne's timely invitation prevented a drift into a position from which each side might have found it difficult to The hope was expressed by many Labor leaders that once the negotiations were resumed they would not be dropped again until a settlement was reached, but they considered that if another deadlock came about the task of mediation would have been made easier by Sir Robert Horne's evident anxiety to prevent a conflict. At the time of writing, though Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Smillie have met, no approach to peace has been made.

THE aloofness of the Trades Union Congress up to Wednesday morning was attributed by Mr. J. H. Thomas to a desire to assist in the search for a peaceful solution, and to avoid embitterment of the controversy by making a statement. The invitation of Sir Robert Horne was seized upon adroitly as an opportunity to strengthen the miners in the new negotiations. After a passionate but closely-reasoned justification of the miners' general policy by Mr. Hodges, the President submitted a resolution expressing the opinion that both claims of the miners were fair and reasonable, and ought to be conceded at once. The Congress was still wholly under the spell of Mr. Hodges' appeal, and Mr. Thomas suggested that the resolution should be carried without The result was a unanimous backing of the The affair was regarded by some as a piece of clever stage management and rush tactics, but it would have been a very dangerous experiment if any influential body of opinon in the Congress was really hostile to the miners.

As for the rest of its business, the Congress, up to the time of writing, had not distinguished itself either by strength of debate or largeness of vision. In numbers it has grown almost unwieldy, with the result that it is neither a deliberative nor an effective debating assembly. Nevertheless, it has given a few indications that it is groping towards a realization of its vast potential power as a determining factor, not only in domestic affairs but, what is more important, in international movements. It was unfortunate that the debate on the cost of living was overshadowed by the coal dispute, because the attention of the Congress was seriously directed by Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Mr. Bevin, and others, to the impossibility of solving the problem of high prices while

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Europe is embroiled in little wars which prevent the restoration of Central Europe and the Near East, and while Russia with her future stores of grain and raw materials is blockaded from the West. It would have been well worth while to cut out from the agenda a score of resolutions of the hardy annual variety, and to have given an adequate opportunity for a discussion which would have thoroughly searched the origin and character of this disease in European society.

THERE has been very little movement either on the military or political part of the Russo-Polish front. The Polish advance has slowed down until affairs have become almost stationary, the armies obviously being completely out of touch with one another except at a very few points. The Russian communiqués, which nearly always tell the truth, sum up the situation by reporting that at present operations are being conducted on both sides with insignificant bodies of troops. There are not wanting signs of hesitation in Poland's handling of the military situation. This is probably due in part to divided counsels as to policy in Warsaw, in part to the fact that General Weygand's guiding hand has been removed from the Polish military machine. The return of General Weygand before the military operations of the counter-offensive had been completed was always surprising; reading between the lines of his statements to interviewers it is clear that he had friction with the Polish staff. The army, he remarks, "requires, as Poland does herself, to complete its moral fusion ": in other words, the quarrel continues between those, who, like Pilsudski, were bred in the Austrian-German tradition, and those who look towards France and the French army for their model.

THE hesitation in the policy of the Polish Government is even more evident. Pilsudski's intransigent pronouncement has been followed by the much more reasonable and pacific statements of Prince Sapieha. The result of moderation quickly showed itself in an agreement with the Russians to re-open negotiations at Riga. For the first time Warsaw really began to talk peace, and, somewhat surprised, we listened to inspired prophecies of an early compromise. The fact is that Pilsudski's war party is not having it all its own way in Poland. In the first place, General Weygand's faint praises of the Polish army seem to be reflected in other counsels which continue to leave Paris for Warsaw, and the most bellicose Pole knows that his policy of war on Russia depends entirely for its support upon Paris. Pilsudski and his Government are also having to deal with considerable opposition at home. They are dealing with it after the approved fashion of militarist Governments. All parliamentary government is still suppressed, and demands for the summoning of the Diet are met with a strong hand by the Council of National Defence. It is a significant fact that the paper of M. Paderewski, "The Republic," has been confiscated by the Government. A very sinister feature in the Polish situation is the arrival of General Wrangel's Chief of Staff, General Makhrov, in Warsaw. His avowed object is to keep Poland in the war and to concert with Pilsudski's Government a combined attempt to overthrow the Soviet Government. The "Times" correspondent reports that the bribe offered by Wrangel's envoy to Poland is the "Dmowski line" as frontier. What this means may be judged from the fact that the "Dmowski line" would give Minsk to Poland, and would, therefore, place the Polish frontier nearly 200 miles east of the Curzon line.

POLAND is now at war not only with Russia. but with her Baltic neighbor, Lithuania. has already been a collision between Polish and Lithuanian troops, and at one moment it seemed almost certain that Poland would declare a formal war against the little State; but although a Note has been despatched from Moscow which amounts to an ultimatum, hopes of a settlement and compromise still exist. Here, too, everything probably depends upon the amount of encouragement or discouragement which Poland receives from France. The causes of the dispute are clear but complicated. The frontier between Poland and Lithuania has not been settled. If it follows the Curzon line, it will pass north of Suwalki and Augustowo, leaving those two towns to Poland. In the treaty recently concluded between Poland and the Soviet Government, the Russians conceded both towns to Lithuania, and, when the Soviet army retreated before the Polish counter-offensive, the Lithuanians occupied Suwalki and Augustowo. As the Polish troops approached the Suwalki district, the question of the status of the two towns became an acute one, and negotiations between the Poles and Lithuanians began. During the negotiations a collision occurred between the two armies. Each side accuses the other of starting hostilities; but, since the Lithuanians were already in occupation of the disputed territory, the fighting was almost certainly caused by the advance of

LAST week we described the situation in South-Eastern Europe produced by the "Little Entente" which Dr. Benes, Foreign Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, is in process of creating. The situation has provoked much discussion in France, and has been the occasion of some important revelations. The objects of Dr. Benes's own policy are clear; he wishes to form an entente between Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania, in order first to maintain the neutrality of this block in the Polish-Russian war, and second, to resist any reactionary militarist attempt from Hungary. The result of Dr. Benes's visit to Belgrade was the signature of an agreement in this sense between Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, and, according to Dr. Benes's own account, he was equally successful in achieving the main object of his policy in Bucharest, though he does not state definitely that a formal agreement was reduced to writing. The two different points in Dr. Benes's programme are not unconnected. The policy of neutrality is an answer to the French policy of enlisting a league of small States in a war to overthrow the Bolshevik Government. Now those who are responsible for the government of the new States of South-Eastern Europe have good reasons for believing that the militarist and monarchist Government of Hungary had fallen in with French aims and had offered to place its army at the disposal of France in an attack on Russia. The menace of such an arrangement to those who, like the Czecho-Slovaks and South-Slavs, had so recently escaped from Magyar rule, was obvious, and the two points in Dr. Benes's policy, when read together, were a warning to France not to proceed with this Hungarian adventure.

The revelations of the French Press on this subject have been occasioned by a report published in the "Daily Herald" that a treaty had actually been signed between the French and Hungarian Governments, by which France was to obtain control of the Hungarian d

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railways and vital industries. It was added that France, as a reply to the policy of the Little Entente, had arranged an alliance between Roumania and the Magyars. "Le Matin" denied the correctness of these facts, but then proceeded to give an even more interesting account of the situation. The Hungarian Government, it said, proposed to the French Government that the latter should help it to re-enter "the good graces of its neighbors." In return for this office, it offered France the control of the Hungarian railways, of the principal factories, of the largest bank in Hungary, of the navigation of the Danube, of the port of Budapest, and, last but not least, of "all the military forces of Hungary which France and the Allies might, in case of need, use against the Red Army of the Soviets." Some weeks ago, according to the "Matin," an agreement in this sense was signed between the two Governments, and at the same time Hungary became reconciled with her principal enemy, Roumania. The significance of these facts, if true, is obvious. "Le Temps," among other papers, has denied that the acquisition of the economic concessions in Hungary has been the subject of a written agreement between the two Governments, but it admits that the concessions have been made to French financial interests under the auspices of the Hungarian Government.

THE French Government has formally notified to the Belgian Government its approval of the military convention between France and Belgium which has been negotiated and signed by Marshal Foch and the Chief of the Belgian General Staff, General Maglinse. convention now only requires ratification by the Belgian Government, and the Minister of Defence, M. Janson, has publicly stated that this will be given in the course of a few days. The terms of this agreement are apparently to be kept secret; it is not to be submitted to the French and Belgian Parliaments, on the flimsy pretext that it is an agreement of a merely technical nature. Assurances are given that the convention is strictly defensive, and simply makes arrangements for meeting any aggression from the east, i.e., from Germany. The whole of history shows that a military alliance, however technical and defensive, is an act of the highest political significance, and this Franco-Belgian alliance is no When Marshal Foch put his exception to the rule. signature to it, he was also signing the death warrant of the League of Nations, which, almost at the same moment—such is the irony of history—was acquiring a permanent habitation in Geneva. For the convention is only a formal notification that France and Belgium are determined to rely not on the League of Nations system, but on the old system of hostile military alliances. It is, perhaps, only right that those who killed Mr. Wilson's League should now bury it under their "defensive alliances."

The Press has been curiously silent about the extraordinary situation which has arisen in Italy. As a result
of a dispute in the metal industry, the workers in Milan,
Rome, Florence, Bologna, Genoa, and several other
towns, have seized the factories, ejected the owners and
employers, and are now attempting to run the industries
themselves In Venice the workers have occupied the
arsenal. In some places managers or engineers have
been kidnapped and conveyed to the workshops where
their aid was necessary for the carrying on of the
industry. Some of the commandeered factories have
been put into a state of defence by means of wire
entanglements, live electric wires, and machine guns.

Up to the present there has been singularly little disorder. The movement appears to be an attempt to carry out an economic revolution without the ordinary symptoms of a political revolution. It is a kind of twilight between Capitalism and Socialism, between political democracy and Sovietism. This curious situation has, so far, been maintained because the Italian Government has not taken any steps to interfere. There have been negotiations between the Minister of Labor and some Socialist deputies, and the expropriated capitalists have protested to the Government, demanding that, since there has been no revolution, their private property should be protected. But the Government, up to the present, has made no attempt to assert the law.

A WELL-KNOWN student of the Near East has sent from Albania a telegram to members of the Albanian Committee in London, which may be thus summarized:—

"August 24th, Tirana (the present seat of the Albanian Government, and formerly the home of Essad Pasha):—The deliberately provocative policy of the Serbs has been proved by their occupation of villages in the Upper Mati region (Central Albania) and of points in Northern Albania still apparently patrolled from Jakova (north-west of Prizrend). After repeated protests and declarations of their own peaceful intentions, the Albanian Government was at last justified in taking action.

"On August 14th, a company of Serbs (chiefly regulars) with two officers, two guns, and four machine guns was taken prisoner in Central Albania, and a whole Serbian regiment, consisting chiefly of Croatians and Bosnians, was put out of action near Dibra (on the Drin, north of Lake Ochrida). The Albanians thus restored the frontier of 1913 (fixed by the Treaty of London) along this part of the Drin.

"On the Scutari front (North Albania) the Serbs had advanced to Vraka with the official complyance of Belandra and the Serbs and Serb

"On the Scutari front (North Albania) the Serbs had advanced to Vraka with the official connivance of Belgrade, as was proved by the recent capture of guns, machine guns, and regulars. Here also they have been forced back to the 1913 frontier, but a renewed attack is threatened. Trade in Scutari is almost at a standstill, the bazaar having been closed owing to the number of volunteers for active service. Montenegro is reported to be near revolt against the Serbs.

the bazaar having been closed owing to the number of volunteers for active service. Montenegro is reported to be near revolt against the Serbs.

"The administrative capacity of the Albanian Government is proved by its admirable results and the hearty co-operation of all classes. Special praise is due to the reconstructive and relief work of the American Red Cross, which is now leaving. Its place should be taken by British assistance."

THERE is something to be said for the appointment of Lord Hardinge as British Ambassador in Paris. He has had a brilliant career, to use the conventional phrase which distinguishes those public servants whose work has not been questioned. He is an able administrator, and doubtless is as well informed of the methods and secrets of the Chancelleries as would be expected from one of his experience as the head of our own Foreign But there is, perhaps, something to be said against his appointment. Should our Embassy in Paris be given merely as a reward for long and faultless service? There are other qualifications, more suitable to this new world; in which, we remember, we were told the "old diplomacy" would be something more objectionable even than an anachronism. The "Times" appears to suppose that Lord Hardinge's respect for King Edward as a diplomat shows the acute quality of his discrimination. A younger man, so fresh that he was completely indifferent to the historical activities of King Edward in Paris, seeing that Paris is worse to-day than it was even then, might better have served the British democracy.

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Politics and Affairs.

THE LAST PHASE.

ENGLISH rule in Ireland might have come to an end thirty years ago, twenty years ago, six years ago, in a manner leaving no sense of shame in England and no sense of bitterness in Ireland. It is true that Irish history is full of grievances against England, and that no impartial historian would try to justify the manner in which we have used our superior power. But it is also true that the Irishman has virtues as well as vices of his own, and that among them is a readiness to regard what is just as if it were generous and to forgive men who act handsomely the sins of their forefathers. Nobody who can recall the speeches of Irish members during Mr. Gladstone's first campaign, can doubt that the concession of Home Rule at that time would have opened an era of goodwill and sincere friendship between the two peoples. After Mr. Redmond's speech in August, 1914, it was believed everywhere that the quarrel of the two peoples was buried.

With a little imagination in our rulers, the Irish question might then have been settled, and Ireland launched on her new career in a friendly and cordial association with Great Britain. The opportunity was lost. Yet the least imaginative of our rulers would have grasped it if he had realized what dense shadows were to fall on the last chapter of this relationship.

If anybody wants to know how this last phase will look to posterity he should read Lord Monteagle's article in the "Contemporary Review," and Sir Horace Plunkett's letter to the "Times" of last Tuesday. Our rule in Ireland at this moment is militarism run mad. Of no single person in Ireland at this moment, except the Orangeman who burns down Catholic shops in Ulster towns, can it be said that his life or his liberty is protected by the agents of the Government. Order is kept by organizations that are "unlawful associations," and the success and impartiality with which that task is discharged are evident from Lord Monteagle's testimony. From the first and elementary task of government, the British Government has abdicated. Over great parts of the country one force alone stands between Ireland and anarchy, and that force is the power of Sinn Fein; a body for membership of which an Irishman may be tried by court-martial.

This would of itself be an inglorious conclusion to our rule in Ireland. But the case is much worse. The agents of our rule in Ireland have become themselves the most reckless of law-breakers. The creameries in Irish towns are in no danger from Irish violence, but they are in such danger from the violence of British soldiers and policemen that, as Sir Horace Plunkett reports, a premium of £5,000 is required in order to insure a factory worth a quarter of a million from this extraordinary risk for three months. The military authorities in Ireland have taken the precaution this week of forbidding the holding of coroners' inquests in nine counties, because they think it too dangerous to allow any civilian court to call attention to the circumstances of murder by the police. During the worst days of coercion in Ireland in the past, there were ugly things done by spies or agents provocateurs in the service of Dublin Castle, and the exposure of Sergeant Sheridan threw a disagreeable light on the methods to which the agents of Dublin Castle had been reduced. never since 1798 have we seen the spectacle of a police force and a military force burning down towns and villages, taking life, and destroying property. We can

imagine what great soldiers like Ralph Abercromby and Charles James Napier would have said of a régime under which soldiers and constables can shoot, plunder, and destroy, without punishment by their superiors. How many soldiers or how many constables have been court-martialled for their crimes? What penalites have been inflicted? What single step has been taken by the authorities for the protection of the civilian population? Six years ago a single incident of this kind at Zabern created a profound impression in this country. To-day nobody would pretend that the danger of military oppression, to which a French sympathiser was exposed in Alsace-Lorraine in 1913, was as great as the danger of military oppression to which an Irishman is exposed at this moment in his own country.

A Government that comes to rely on such force as this soon ceases to be its own master. Mr. Lloyd George's Government has driven all Irishmen, except a minority in Ulster, into open opposition; the more acute its antagonism to Irish feeling the more complete its dependence on its armed servants. Soldiers and constables, recruited from England among demobilized ex-officers looking for jobs-these become the rulers of Ireland. This is what Mr. Lloyd George means when he says that he is warned that the government of Ireland will be impossible if he releases the Lord Mayor of Cork. He means that he is in the hands of constables and spies, and that he can no more disregard them than the old Russian Government could disregard its armed police agents. Police violence goes unpunished in Ireland for the same reason that it went unpunished in Russia. The Lords Lieutenant, the Sheriffs, the Members of Parliament, the County Councillors, all Irishmen holding positions of trust and responsibility, want one thing; policemen want another. Just so, when the late Tsar had to choose between the Zemstvos and the Duma on the one hand, and his policemen on the other, he believed that government would be impossible if he did not obey his policemen. Thus does tyranny run the same course in all climates. Look far enough into its secrets and you find a spy.

The tragedy of Brixton Prison is a fitting episode in this atmosphere. No element has been wanting to make it a provocative and resounding crime. Mr. Bonar Law writes that the Lord Mayor of Cork cannot be released because "according to his own written word in one of the seditious documents, for possession of which he was convicted, he and his followers were determined to pursue their ends, asking for no mercy and making no compromise." This from Mr. Bonar Law, who said at Blenheim of the Ulster resistance to Home Rule, that if the Government passed the Home Rule Bill without an appeal to the country "he could imagine no length of resistance to which Ulster would go in which he would not be ready to support her." This was when Sir Edward Carson was organizing a rebel organization, tampering with the loyalty of British soldiers, importing arms from Germany, and threatening bloodshed and violence. In the second month of the invasion of Belgium, Mr. Bonar Law went to Belfast to announce that he would support Ulster in any measures of resistance, even if the British people had approved of the Home Rule Bill at the polls. A good judge of rebels! This, no doubt, is merely entertaining to Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Carson, but what does it look like to the outside world, and what will it look like to posterity?

The chapter is closing with storm and violence. It may close to-morrow, next month, next year. One thing is certain. The British people will not consent to govern Ireland permanently by an armed police. Every day it nd

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becomes clearer that the reason why the Government cannot put an end to murder is that it is primarily concerned to put an end to a political movement. The Coercion Act is not designed to facilitate the discovery of arms; it is designed solely to establish a military and police tyranny. That tyranny cannot last. Sooner or later the British people will face the alternative and give Ireland her freedom. At present we are doing everything that human folly can do to make it impossible for Ireland, when she exercises her choice, to decide in favor of remaining within the British Empire. That is how the Government makes answer to the appeal of the Dublin Conference.

THE DILEMMA OF LABOR.

Nobody can look at the social life of Great Britain at this moment without noticing one important truth. There is no relation between the moral power of organized Labor and the political power that it exercises through Parliament. At this moment we live under the shadow of a coal strike; a transport strike is not improbable in the near future; there is scarcely an industry in which the Trade Unions are not seriously dissatisfied with the present position. In all these cases it matters immensely to the community what the Trade Unionists think and how they act. The number of Trade Unionists is well over six millions, and when Mr. Thomas speaks at Portsmouth as President of the Trade Union Congress he speaks for a larger body of organized opinion than anybody else in the country. It is obvious that in any well-balanced Society the opinions and wishes of such bodies of citizens, on whose co-operation the working of industry depends so vitally, would count for a great deal.

When we turn to Parliament we find that they count for very little. Nothing is more significant or remarkable about the conduct of the present Government than its deliberate disregard of Trade Union opinion. Eighteen months ago Ministers were talking of an early Bill for universal forty-eight hours; that Bill is not yet law. Mr. Churchill openly promised the nationalization of railways at Dundee; Mr. Lloyd George, when he writes to a Coalition candidate to wish him good luck, mentions the nationalization of the railways as the kind of disaster that will come upon the nation if the Labor candidate is returned. Mr. Bonar Law gave the miners to understand that the Government would act on the report of the Sankey Commission: when the Commission reported, the Government treated Sir John Sankey as if he was in disgrace, and his recommendations as if they had come from Moscow. In their own measures they scarcely attempt to conceal their hostility to Trade Unions. Under the pretext of carrying out the resolutions of the Washington Conference, they are attempting at this moment, and in the face of the opposition of all the Trade Unions concerned, to reintroduce a double shift in the Lancashire mills for women and children. their Coal Mines Bill it is universally suspected that it is a blow at the Miners' Federation. In their Unemployment Insurance Bill they took the extraordinary step of admitting Friendly Societies to a share in the administration of the Act; a decision that was only intelligible as a direct and wanton attack on the power of the Trade Unions. We shall find when this Parliament disappears a number of Acts on the Statute Book which it is impossible to carry out because the Trade Unions will refuse to work them.

This disparity between the importance of the Trade Union movement in the industrial life and its power in .the political life of the nation, is a serious evil. It is an element, if sometimes a sub-conscious element, in the discontent that is rife in all Men are more sensible of their grievindustries. ances than their responsibilities, when the injustice which they resent as citizens colors their view of every question that concerns them as workers. There is, of course, the widest difference between the position of the workers to-day with adult suffrage, and their grandfathers who had no votes; and yet it is true that the workers to-day are more suspicious than their grandfathers of those who exercise authority and government, more doubtful of the value of Party institutions. Parliamentary democracy seems a failure, and the ballot box a slow and dilatory way of achieving reform. For this Parliamentary failure the Trade Unionists must, of course, bear some share of blame. They have not given nearly enough attention to politics and to political education and organization. They have not realized that a political party in Parliament can be an effective force, even if it is only forty strong, and they have shown a singular hesitation to treat leadership as a serious matter. If the party in Parliament puts Parliament second, it is not likely that the rank and

file of the Trade Unions will put it first.

But the chief blame for the dangerous discredit into which Parliament has fallen in the mind of the workers must be ascribed to the Government. It is an incalculable misfortune that at this crisis we should have a set of Ministers more destitute of principle than any set of Ministers who have held office for many generations. It is the day of the adventurer. Men like Mr. Churchill, who are ready to serve under any banner that offers the opportunity of a career; or the Prime Minister, who judges every crisis by its electioneering properties, make the Parliamentary system look like a field for the tricks of a special kind of unscrupulous talent. The fate that has overtaken the Parliamentary system in France, where the Frenchman despises his Government as a matter of course, threatens that system in England. Mr. Lloyd George made up his mind at some point within the last eighteen months that the best chance for his Coalition was a struggle with Labor. All the arts and resources of mass propaganda, so tremendously developed for the sins of the world during the war, were to be applied in this struggle. To consolidate powerful interests against the demand for a more democratic system of government and a more democratic system of industry, was henceforth the aim and object of his Government. For such a purpose unlimited funds were available, and whatever else can be said for or against our Parliamentary democracy, nobody will deny that it gives an immense pull to wealth. Mr. Lloyd George, who prides himself on his cunning as a political strategist, knows well how to foment and stimulate suspicion and hatred, and he can Limehouse the workers as vigorously as once he did the peers. A bitter class conflict of this kind influences every single industrial dispute. ordinary worker believes that the Government of the day is intent on cheating and thwarting him at every point, and he sees that in the political struggle its leaders have all the advantages of money, organization, the control of the machine, and the specialized skill in propaganda which has nothing to do with good government, but a great deal to do with political success. It is in this disturbed atmosphere that the nation approaches a winter full of peril and uncertainty, over which, as Mr. Thomas well said, "there hangs the shadow of grave events."

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RED OR YELLOW?

THE question of the Second, the Third, or the Fourth International has been seething in the Socialist cauldron for a long time. It has now boiled over. The result is division and noisy recrimination among the Socialists of Western Europe, and malicious pleasure among their enemies and oppo-The quarrel is, of course, a domestic onea fact which accounts for the unrestrained bitterness with which it is pursued—but in the present state of Europe its effects will be felt acutely, beyond the circle of Socialism, in the world of international politics. Socialism and Labor are admittedly to-day in Western Europe among the strongest forces making for an international policy of peace, reconciliation, and reconstruction; and in France, Italy, Germany, and this countre, any Government which during the next few years honestly pursued such a policy would have, whatever might be its political label, to look for its main support in the ranks of Socialism and Labor. A domestic quarrel causing a serious split in those ranks would, therefore, have a paralyzing effect upon the forces slowly mobilizing against the triumphant, vindictive, and bellicose imperialism which the war has left in possession of the high places of government. That is why it is important that those who are not Socialists should understand the real causes and meaning of this quarrel.

The immediate cause of the present trouble is a document which has issued from the Holy of Holies of Moscow Boishevism. For over a year now the Socialist Parties of Europe have been torn by a discussion as to whether they should join the Third, the Red, International of Moscow, or revive in some form the Second International, which the war destroyed. The Extreme Left was, of course, in favor of Moscow; the Right was in favor of what Moscow calls the Yellow International; the Centre, as is the habit of Centres, discreetly hedged. Some parties or segments of parties decided to affiliate' to the Red International; some clung pathetically to the Yellow; others tried to build a bridge between the two. But, though there was much sound and fury, there was rarely a serious breach; in nearly all countries the Socialists, despite their domestic differences, still presented outwardly a united front against the forces of reaction. This remained possible because the whole question was largely academic. Nobody knew what exactly a resolution to affiliate to Moscow entailed, for the Third International had never formulated its conditions of membership. A blameless and law-abiding citizen in London, Paris, or Rome might therefore vote to affiliate to Moscow and consider that thereby he was doing nothing more violent than declaring a platonic passion for Socialist solidarity. This was, in fact, taking place to a considerable extent, and there was a fairly steady drift towards the Red among those Socialists who were not necessarily in favor of establishing Soviets or Communism in their own countries, but were genuinely in favor of upsetting Capitalism and of setting up Socialism. This situation has now been materially changed by the issue of a document from Moscow laying down eighteen conditions which a Socialist Party must accept before it can be admitted to the Red International. Its appearance at the present moment is having an explosive effect upon the cohesiveness, already shaken, of Western Socialism, and that effect was undoubtedly intended by its author. For the hand that drew up these eighteen conditions is unmistakably the hand of the "Red Tsar. Lenin, and their meaning and his intention alike have their roots far back in the history of the International Socialist movement.

If the conditions be read carefully, a curious fact will be observed. A party to be eligible for the Red

International has not to adopt any rigid doctrine with regard to Soviets or Communism: with regard to Socialist dogma it is given considerable latitude, for all it is required to do is "to revise its old Social-Democratic programme and elaborate a new Communist programme adapted to the special conditions of its country and conceived in the spirit of the Communist International." But there is no such latitude in the matter of tactics; the party has to declare itself openly in favor of establishing Socialism by means of revolution. The whole stress is laid upon illegal revolution, upon confining the party to "tried Communists" and "experienced militants "-i.e., to active revolutionists, and of expelling from it all those leaders who have adhered to the constitutional" tactics of Social Democracy and of the Yellow International. In other words, Lenin is here throwing his whole weight upon the weak spot in the Socialist movement, upon the place where a break was always threatening. From the earliest times there have been in the movement two opposed schools, one which taught that Capitalism could only be overthrown by violent revolution, and the other that it could be bled white, and so destroyed, by constitutional tactics. "Revolutionary" and "reformist" Socialism, violence and constitutionalism, direct action and Parliamentary action-these were some of the catchwords of this ancient controversy. Now Lenin was always, and long before the war, a fanatical believer in violent revolution as the only means of establishing the Socialist commonwealth. A "reformist" or constitutional Socialist is in his eyes worse than a capitalist, and he showers abuse on M. Longuet and Mr. MacDonald, not because they do not believe in Communism, but because they are not violent revolutionaries. Long ago he split the Russian movement on this point, and to-day his object clearly is to split the international movement upon it. And what is happening in France and Germany shows that he has chosen precisely that point which is best calculated to cause'a real breach between Socialists. To ask Socialists to cross the Rubicon which divides legality from real revolution, even though it be only in the programme of their party, is to take a step most certainly calculated to divide the revolutionary sheep from the reformist goats. Hence the violence of controversy in the pages of "l'Humanité" and the perturbation among the German Independents. Everywhere to-day, after the issue of these eighteen Articles of Communism, you see men and parties, who were in favor of, and had even voted for affiliation to Moscow, drawing back when they are asked to cross Lenin's Rubicon. On the other hand the real revolutionary, when he sees the red flag waved from Moscow, is all the more eager to go on. The breach, therefore, which had already opened between the Right and the Left in France, Italy, Germany, and even this country, will almost certainly be widened.

Two points in this situation require notice. The breach will inevitably weaken the influence of international Socialism upon international policy, and that at a moment when, in our opinion, an international policy of moderation and reconciliation can alone save the remnants of European civilization. That, of course, will be merely a repetition of what happened before 1914. It was the domestic disagreements in the Socialist International which prevented the Socialists and workers from having any real or pacific influence upon the policies of European States. From one point of view one may regret this, but one has no right to complain of it. The object of a Socialist party is the economic reconstruction of society, not peace or the civilization of Foreign Office;

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on e; and to complain that it tries to knock capitalists rather than militarists and imperialists off their perches would be as sensible as to complain that a plough does not cut the corn. On the other hand, the mere fact that the Second International gave so much attention to the problem of war and peace, and foreign policy, shows that the sphere of activity which a Socialist party claims for itself is so wide that it cannot confine its action or programme to the economic relations between classes. Before the war Socialism fell between the two stools of its economic and its international aspirations; it will be fatal for Europe and the world if history in this respect repeats itself.

There remains the question of the actual effect of Lenin's tactics upon Western Socialism. His tactics of dividing the sheep from the goats, when applied to Russia, was from his own point of view eminently successful. The iron hand of his policy (and the war) converted all Russian Socialists to revolution; reformism died out of the Russian movement; and the Capitalist and his system made way for the Socialist Republic of Russian Soviets. But is the same result probable in France, Britain, Germany, or even Italy? Lenin's tactics can only succeed if Socialists really believe what they say, i.e., if they have that conviction which is a fusion of passion and belief. In Russia, as her literature proves, that passionate belief is still possible. Lenin has shown more than once that he does not understand the psychology of Western nations, and he probably does not understand how rare this kind of simple conviction is in the West. The West is the land of compromise, because the words which we use, whether we be Socialists or Liberals or Conservatives, are half catch-words, and while men will go to the stake for a belief, they will not go even to Wormwood Scrubs for a catch-word. The difference between Russia and the West is shown clearly by what is happening in Italy to-day. There the workers in many of the large towns have actually seized the factories and ejected the employers; but the Government goes on unconcernedly believing-and probably correctly -that it will end not in revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat, but in compromise. So too, in Germany and France, many of the Labor leaders who have often repeated Lenin's revolutionary doctrines because they were the catch-words of Socialism, may be seen today hurriedly retreating before the eighteen conditions of Moscow. For these reasons it is probable, we think, that Lenin will be disappointed to find that in the West the yellow goats far outnumber the red sheep. There is still a good deal of truth in the remark with which Pitt tried to dispel Mr. Burke's terror of the doings in Paris in 1792: "Never fear, Mr. Burke, depend on it we shall go on as we are until the day of judgment."

THE FRENCH MENACE TO EUROPE.

According to the "Vossiche Zeitung" M. Dmowski has made his expected attempt at a coup d'état in Posen, but his first move has been unsuccessful. It remains to be seen whether the report is accurate, but in any case it is time that the realities of the situation were faced in this country. M. Dmowski is the agent of French and Russian counter-revolutionary policy against Marshal Pilsudski. For some little time there has been a more or less veiled campaign against the latter in the French semi-official press, proceeding by innuendo rather than open opposition. The reason is that Marshal Pilsudski's imperialist ambitions do not suit French policy or that of the group of Russian Tsarist émigrés in Paris by whom

that policy is influenced. Marshal Pilsudski wants a group of new Border States between Poland and Russia,. nominally independent, but really under Polish domination. He is concerned with what he believes to be the interests of Poland, rather than with those of French and Russian reaction. Dangerous and inadmissible as his policy is, it is less so than the policy represented by M. Dmowski. The latter is a reactionary clerical and anti-Semite, who is prepared to be the instrument of the Quai d'Orsay, the Vatican, and the Russian counter-revolutionaries. He would join with Wrangel and continue the war, not for Polish aggrandisement, but for the purpose of restoring a reactionary régime in Russia, with a reactionary Poland as its vassal State. One of the grievances against Marshal Pilsudski is his unwillingness to play Wrangel's game.

M. Dmowski has recently been joined at Posen by some prominent émigrés from Paris, including M. Savinkoff, the agent of General Wrangel, and M. Bourtzeff. The latter is said to have brought with him two million francs from the French Government, probably for the Posen " reserve troops " on which M. Dmowski relies for his coup d'état. The Quai d'Orsay and the Russian émigrés wish to use Poland as a catspaw, but they also wish to destroy the independence of the existing Border States and re-incorporate them in a restored Russian Empire. They are, therefore, naturally opposed to the creation of any new ones. Their policy in this regard was expressed by the "Temps," on August 22nd, in an article showing alarm at the territorial claims attributed to the Poles, and warning them against "the dangerous policy of 1772 frontiers." On the other hand, it is essential to the policy of the Quai d'Orsay and the Russian counter-revolutionaries that Poland should remain armed and go on fighting. Hence the advice given by the French Government to the Poles to reject the Russian peace proposals, the reason of which, as the "Matin" candidly said, on August 22nd, was that those proposals included the demobilization and partial disarmament of Poland.

It is of urgent importance that French policy should be understood in this country, for, unless we compel our Government to dissociate itself openly from that policy, and adopt frankly and consistently an opposite one, there is no hope for Europe. The primary aim of French policy is still what it was at the Peace Conference—the complete annihilation of Germany. To attain that aim the French Government is prepared to risk another European war, although that would mean the final ruin of the whole continent of Europe, including France itself. It is difficult to account for this policy, which seems to be the result partly of an insane desire for vengeance, but to a greater degree of an equally insane fear of German revival. It is not to the interest of this country or of the world to prevent a German revival, for on the economic restoration of Germany depends the economic restoration of Europe. One is impossible without the other. But, whatever may be the causes of French policy, there can be no doubt as to its character. It is shown not only by French policy in regard to Poland and Russia, but by other facts.

One of the most important is the French treaty with reactionary Hungary, which was announced some three months ago by the Berlin correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian." What he then said was confirmed by the "Matin" on September 2nd. By the treaty France has obtained the control of the Hungarian railways, of the principal Hungarian factories, of the Credit Bank, the Hungarian rivers, and the port of Budapest. Hungary thus becomes for all practical purposes a French protectorate, but the most important

provision. of the treaty-and the most dangerous to Europe-is an undertaking on the part of the Hungarian Government to put all the military forces of Hungary at the disposal of France and the Entente for use "against the Red army of the Soviets." The British public has a right to know whether this amazing treaty -incompatible with the spirit, if not with the letter of the Hungarian Treaty with the Allies-was made with or without the knowledge and consent of the British Government. The "Temps" declared on September 2nd that "the acquisition of these various interests did not form the subject of an agreement signed by a representative of the French Government." The arrangements were made by the fortunate capitalists selected by the French Government, and all that the French Government did was to "formulate in a short declaration the principles of the policy pursued by France in the application of the Treaty of Trianon." This declaration, the "Temps" said, had been communicated to the "neighboring States," but not, apparently, to the Government of Great Britain. This explanation need hardly be discussed. The arrangement is, in effect, a treaty between the two Governments, whatever formula may have been adopted to save appearances.

Should France call upon Hungary to attack Russia, the inevitable result would be a general war in Central Europe. For the Hungarian army would have to cross Czecho-Slovakian territory, and that the Czecho-Slovakian Government would not tolerate. Indeed, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia have already made a defensive alliance against Hungary, which has not given great pleasure in Paris. The Quai d'Orsay is now making desperate efforts to prevent Roumania from entering that alliance and to reconcile her with Hungary. But the Roumanian Government has discovered that France has secretly promised to Hungary that part of Banat transferred to Roumania by the Treaty of Trianon, although the fact was denied by the "Temps" on September 2nd. That France must have given some consideration for the extraordinary concessions of the Hungarian Government is, however,

evident.

Indeed, it is plain that the French Government is pursuing throughout Europe a policy incompatible with European peace, and not always easily reconciled with its treaty obligations. It is impossible that the French Government does not realize that it is risking a new war. Some of its most staunch supporters openly say that they want one. In the "Action Française," on September 4th, M. Charles Maurras advocated the election of Marshal Foch or some other general as President of the Republic in place of M. Deschanel, on the ground that "the political command must be given to the military commanders." M. Maurras said that it would then be for Marshal Foch "to cut with the sword the knots that subtle fingers have been unable to unravel after so many months of armistice and peace."

It would be a great mistake to imagine that the "Action Française" does not count. M. Maurras and his friends count so much that they have prevented the official celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Third Republic by the Government of the Republic. It has been adjourned to November 11th, when it will be celebrated jointly with the anniversary of the Armistice—that is to say, quietly shelved. Since the beginning of the war what the "Action Française" has demanded has usually been done. It is more able than ever to enforce its will now when France, as M. Léon Daudet proudly boasts, is undergoing the most extreme reaction

that she has experienced since the reign of Charles X. Unfortunately, the effects of that reaction are not restricted to France. Paris has become the centre of European reaction and European militarism. Without any hostility to the French people, who will be among the victims of French policy, and without any appeals to national prejudice, we must firmly oppose to French policy a policy of general peace and reconciliation of all nations.

ROBERT DELL.

Tife and Tetters.

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF IDEALISM.

III .- THE VINDICATION OF IDEALISM.

The importance of retaining in moral and political philosophy the clear recognition that we are dealing with conduct which continues ever to be directed by biological considerations of survival, is that only thus can we grasp the substance and vitality of ideals.

For if we regard them as pure products of rational consciousness, of a moral and intellectual nature supervening upon our animal inheritance, it is easy for the materialist, the economist, the realist in politics, to dismiss them as illusions or shadowy epiphenomena. But if we recognize that the stuff out of which these ideals, even the loftiest and most spiritual, have been generated, is not of ultimately diverse nature from the animal desires and the selfish cravings with which these ideals seem to conflict, the charge of unreality collapses.

Now the very fact that the war realists of every country make strenuous efforts to enlist the emotions of the "ideal" in the cause of every modern war, is itself a significant testimony to the truth of this presentment. Every great war-statesman recognizes that it is not enough to base his appeals for national support upon the gains which a successful war will bring in territory, trade, power, and prestige to large classes of the people, or even to confine himself to rallying the gregarious feelings for collective self-defence. "Your country in danger" is not enough. The war must be presented as a "holy war" for large human purposes of freedom and progress that transcend the limits of the nation. These very ideals which are to be superseded in the hour of victory are recognized as assets in the actual morale of a warring nation. The generous youth of every nation responded to the appeal of these ideals which, blended freely with the craving for adventure, the fighting lust, and the various social and economic pressures, served to evoke the enthusiastic answer to the call to arms. Soldier and civilian alike fought and worked for victory the better because some sense of the inherent justice of their cause and of the welfare of humanity was alive in their breast.

Why, then (to return to our crucial issue), is it that these wider and loftier ideals appear to fail in actuality? If they, and the tendency or purpose they incorporate, are in reality the wider interests of a selfprotective and progressive humanity, if they represent the specific welfare as distinguished from individual and group interests, why do they allow themselves to be defeated?

The answer to this question becomes intelligible by reverting to the narrower arena of personal conduct. Why does what we call our "higher nature" so often succumb to the temptations of our "lower nature" why do our bodily desires, or our short range impulses,

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so frequently triumph over our rational self? It is not because, when fairly pitted against one another in a "moral struggle," the lower motives prove themselves stronger than the higher. It is because they employ rush tactics that carry us away before the moral forces of our personality are fully mobilized. The "irrational" instincts get their work in quicker: the processes of reflection and self-realization involve delay, and this delay is often fatal. This is the inevitable risk of idealism when pitted against the "realism"; of the passions and desires which spring more directly from the life of instinct.

The true moral struggle is not the direct conflict between the forces of the animal and of the rational self, but the preliminary struggle for the period of delay needed to secure the mobilization of the rational self. It is precisely this consideration that gives validity

to the governing idea in the proposal of a League of That scheme cannot seriously pretend that the general will-to-peace shall always prove stronger than that will-to-war which is embedded so deeply in the instinct of man. What it endeavors to secure is that a period of delay and of enlightenment shall give an opportunity for a full rally of the resources of informed public opinion to the side of peace. essence of this policy is not, as is sometimes held, disarmament or even the substitution of judicial settlement for war, but simply delay in the forcible execution of the national will. Hitherto, the passion of honor or vital interests, or of revenge or national aggrandisement, has insisted upon immediate action when it has been roused. As in the moral struggle of the individual man, it has fought against delay and reflection, because it has instinctively known that "rush tactics" are favorable to its satisfaction, and that all attempts to scrutinize its claim or to subject them to consideration are likely to impede or thwart the play of passion. It is for this reason that the friends of a League of Nations may do well to confine their early efforts to inducing the several nations to bind themselves, not to abstain from war, but to state their case and wait. For the cooling-off time, thus secured, has its first and chief effect, not in invoking an external interference, but in evoking the play of the reasonable mind of the nation contemplating war. Delay means an appeal from the passion to the reasonable self of a nation. Now when this appeal is won, this reasonable self will itself enforce the claim for an impartial arbitration and settlement. The stiff fight put up by national pride against submitting any vital interest to outside dictation, the patriotic absolutism to which France and America still profess an unabated allegiance, will be called off as soon as the acceptance of delay makes cooler counsels prevail. For these cooler counsels will carry the elementary truth that no nation (as no man) can be a just judge in his own quarrel. Delay, the statement of the case, and the consequent appeal to justice will, therefore, insensibly and not slowly undermine the absolutism of the modern State, by enabling statesmen to perceive that the reasonable self of a nation can only be maintained by regular effective membership of a Society of Nations, and that such membership involves a submission of its private arbitrary judgment on international matters of conduct to the rational will of the whole Society. consent of the members of the League to a period of delay, before resorting to armed action, is the foundation stone of the new international order. It is the real victory of reason and justice over force and the separate will to power.

Powerful passions moving instinctively, accurately, and unswervingly along a single narrow track, enjoy a

perpetual advantage over the forces of idealism and rationalism. And this is particularly true of collective as distinct from personal conduct. For the passions sweeping over the herd mind of a people carry an intolerance of that very process of delay and of reflection needed to give the forces of reason their chance. To reflect, to question, to delay, become disloyalty. This bestowal of the sham idealism of loyalty or patriotism as a screen for the violent and immediate indulgence of the instincts of hate, fear, and combativeness, is a remarkable example of protective coloration.

This ransacking of the annals of war experience, so far from justifying the belief that short range passions and interests are the final arbiters of human destiny, the sole determinants of human history, gives a new substance to idealism and to the "progress" of which it is the servant.

For the very abuse and apparent failure of this idealism have enabled us to discover in it qualities of biological as well as ethical value. It represents the deeper-laid, wider and more abiding tendencies or purposes of nature in the evolution of human life, as contrasted with the shorter, quicker, and shallower instincts and passions which form the psychic equipment of the individual man in the pursuance of his separate personal ends.

Our analysis of the moral struggle, alike in personal conduct and in politics, presents these ideals as the urge of vital forces in man making for a fuller and more rational life. By this fuller and more rational life I mean, first, the realization of the human personality as an organic whole, as distinct from the unordered life resulting from the control of conduct by the several instincts and emotions. Secondly, this rational idealism implies the co-operation of one personality with others in membership of a society continually widening so as to comprise in closer contacts the entire body of contemporaneous mankind, while continually extending its outlook, so as to pay regard to the more distant welfare of humanity.

The rooting of this idealism in physical instincts which, slowly and gradually gathering consciousness, lay claim to sovereign control in the ordering of human conduct, is the guarantee of the reality of human progress. Most of the strong primitive instincts, e.g., of pugnacity and of flight, of self-assertion and self-abasement, of curiosity and of constructiveness, together with the emotions that spring out of them, are primarily engaged in safeguarding and advancing the life of the individual man, and are only of racial or social value in a secondary sense. But there are others, in particular the parental and the gregarious instincts, with the sympathetic emotions which they carry, that seem primarily designed to conserve and advance the vital interests, not of the individual in which they are manifested, but of the species to which he belongs. In a word, they have social value for survival and progress. No doubt these instincts, involving, as they often do, efforts and sacrifices of the individual for lives outside his own, are found strongly implanted in low organisms, where they may carry no conscious feeling or definite emotion. But none the less it is to their specific impetus and its utility that we must rightly look for our explanation of the conservation and progress of a species.

The biological utilities of mutual aid, for the preservation of individual and group life, regarded in the first instance as instinctive urges, bearing some more or less distinct emotional stresses, become, when carried into the realm of thought, social ideals. Idealism begins with the conscious practice of the art of conduct, with the vision of a life beyond the satisfaction of

immediate impulse. In every act it involves a conscious and continuous control of those instincts which aim at a separate short range satisfaction. It subjects the short, blind impulses to a wider regimen designed in the interest of the personality. This idealism may be purely self-regarding, as it is with many artists. But the specific instincts in humanity will always be counterworking this narrow personal economy, by pressing the claims of the social whole.

That these social instincts, and the loyalties and ideals which flow from them, work through a series of concentric circles of widening area and weaker feeling, from the close circle of the home to the wide limits of humanity, is a familiar image. Almost the whole of the art of conduct, personal and collective, consists in the adjustment of the several claims of these pressures and loyalties.

It is, indeed, this process of adjustment which first brings out in consciousness the significance of the social instincts and emotions. The respective duties of a man towards himself, his family, his city, his country, humanity, and the cross-loyalties towards craft, church, and other institutions, which form so large a part of modern problems, troubled primitive or even medieval man very little. They were pretty closely fixed by law and custom: the social feelings ran in narrow, prescribed channels, and could hardly be said to carry ideals.

The conscious cherishing of political and social ideals, such as nationality, empire, socialism, internationalism, democracy, as distinct from the active unconscious pressure towards these ends, is a very modern process, and is still confined to a comparatively small section of the more intellectually and morally alert among the civilized peoples.

But this, as we have recognized, does not mean that the popular appeal to ideals was a merely decorative decency of politicians. The rhetoric about the destruction of militarism, the enthronement of public law, the establishment of democracy, had indeed no intellectual or moral meaning for the masses. But the appeal to national defence and to the punishment of outrages against humanity deeply stirred those latent instincts of gregariousness and sympathy which furnish the emotional contents of ideals. Millions of men, to whom patriotism or any other "ism" had never presented themselves for feeling or consideration, came to realize their country, the empire, the cause of the Allies, as live, real objects of reverence, ideals for which they were willing to fight and work and pay. So this latent loyalty to ideals became actual. The contents of these ideals were vague and inchoate, but the passions were intense.

Here we strike the greatest of the perils which the experience of war-idealism discloses. The intelligent and emotional susceptibility of the peoples in modern civilized countries has been educated up to that level which affords to interested traders in idealism dangerous opportunities of exploiting "the emotion of the ideal" for their private ends.

J. A. H.

A PASTORAL.

When Mr. Clarkson, of the Education Office, went to the Lakes for his holiday this month, he took with him very little luggage, and no literature at all except a slim copy of Theocritus and Matthew Arnold's selections from Wordsworth. For he was resolved to steal close up to the heart of Nature, and at the same time to hear the still, sad music of humanity. So he engaged

two tiny rooms in a white-washed farm—one of those white and grey cottages that seem to have grown out of the hillside, and to be part of the rocks and grassy slopes themselves. The situation appeared to suit his purpose well. A full, brown stream filled the deep valley with perpetual murmur. The purple ling hummed with innumerable bees at every glimpse of sun. Sheep called to each other from the fells, and the great mountains seemed to look into his window at night, as he remembered that Charles Lamb had noticed. To be sure, it rained, and when he asked the farmer whether the rain would continue, he answered, "Aye."

He settled down to read Theocritus, and very pretty stuff he found it still. It was really charming to imagine once more the Sicilian scene—the goatherd singing of Amaryllis, Battus and Corydon conversing among the olives, Comatas and Lacon contending in song, Daphnis urging his love while the girl keeps her wanton flock, and the cicala sings. But when Mr. Clarkson looked around and saw the rain marching in column across the opposite hillside, and the grey mist crawling up the wood, and clouds brooding upon the invisible heights, while children clattered about in their wooden clogs, and now and again a cock crowed in despair, Mr. Clarkson felt that Theocritus would not do.

"This is really too absurd," he thought to himself. "Why are Pastorals always false? Poets seem driven to lie directly they begin to talk of sheep. more lies about shepherds than about soldiers even. Think of this charming Greek, and of Virgil, and Spenser, and Pope, and those appalling predecessors of Goethe. Even Milton-why should he have written about Lycidas when he lamented his friend? Or Matthew Arnold-why should he have called Arthur Clough Thyrsis? Think of the times when pretty women walked about with pet lambs tied up in blue ribbons, and carried dainty crooks in their hands! What madness possesses urbane men and women the moment they dream of shepherds and flocks? What excess of artificial life makes their souls homesick for a home they have never known and could never endure?"

He turned to Wordsworth. Here was no sunlit and sportive Sicilian, but one who lived among these very dales and mountains, and devoted his life to speaking the truth and nothing but the truth about these very people, among whom he had himself sprung and was reared. Quotations and parallels overflowed in Mr. Clarkson's mind. The farmer was a "Dalesman." Dim generations of his ancestors had owned and worked that very farm-for six hundred years, he vaguely said. The house itself bore the date of the battle of Nasebyan event of which the builders probably never even heard. A big stone by the stream was worn with the feet of ancestors who had sunk their buckets there. All pointed to permanence and abiding places. Mr. Clarkson's fancy sought in the old and decrepit grandfather a parallel to the Leech-gatherer-" the oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs ":-

"Upon the margin of that moorish flood Motionless as a cloud the Old-man stood; That heareth not the loud winds when they call; And moveth all together, if it move at all."

And in the farmer himself Mr. Clarkson surely could discover another Michael, whose "mind was keen, intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs":—

"And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt And watchful more than ordinary men. Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds, Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes, When others heeded not, He heard the South Make subterraneous music, like the noise Of Bagpipers on distant Highland hills." f

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And in the wife, as she kneaded the bread or soused over the thickly paved floor with her mop, Mr. Clarkson endeavored to perceive the very model of the Phantom of Delight who grew to be a Spirit, yet a Woman too:—

"A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet; A Creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food;— A Being breathing thoughtful breath, A Traveller between life and death."

And, of course, the boy was Luke, upon whom the farmer Michael would "exercise his heart with looks of fond correction and reproof":—

"If he disturbed the sheep By catching at their legs, or with his shouts Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears."

And then there was obviously Lucy—the little maid always clattering about in clogs upon the stone floor, or waddling down to the stream, or howling at bedtime. Of her surely Nature had said:—

"The Stars of midnight shall be dear To her; and she shall lean her ear In many a secret place Where rivulets dance their wayward round, And beauty born of murmuring sound Shall pass into her face."

"Strange," thought Mr. Clarkson, "how in that poet's verse one suddenly comes upon exquisite and evermemorable verses with an unexpected joy, as when a Kaffir suddenly finds a diamond in a pit of sticky clay. Certainly one needs something of poetic insight or instinct to discover the truth of his pictures. That is so in every art. The common mind would hear little in this family but talk of Herdwick sheep and stock bulls for the Argentine. The best in our English nature is always dumb. But the poet reveals the underlying truth which is the harvest of the quiet eye. Here, at all events, I have found a calm and noble happiness, tranquil, self-dependent—a veritable home of ancient peace which will abide no matter how the politicians rave."

Next day was Sunday, and as the sky actually cleared a little in the afternoon, Mr. Clarkson, quoting with a smile, "The rain had fallen, the Poet arose, went for a walk to a neighboring village, intending to sit in the churchyard and listen to the Psalms, which always sound so much sweeter from the outside. But as he was crossing the village green, his attention was attracted by a strange group on one side of it. Some fifty men and a few women were standing in line along a stone wall that sheltered them from the rough wind sweeping down from the fells. Some, being quarrymen, were crouched upon their heels, but the majority simply stood cowering there, with their hands in their pockets and their feet in the long, wet grass. In the middle of the line, someone was speaking in slow and disjointed sentences, turning first to one flank and then to the other; and, to his surprise, Mr. Clarkson found the speaker was his farmer, his own Michael, the model shepherd. Clinging to his coat on one side of him stood little Luke, and on the other was the Creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food, carrying musical Lucy in her arms. Mr. Clarkson supposed it was some religious meeting, for he had heard the district was intensely Protestant and deeply stirred by the new parson's Popish ways of going on. Unwilling to interrupt, he was going away when unexpected words caught his ear.

His farmer, his own Michael, was audibly denouncing landowners and parsons—denouncing the Church and State! He was saying that the meeting of their

Labor Party had to be held in that cold and wet and miserable place because the parson had refused them the use of the school-room for any night in the week, and the landowner had refused the village hall, which they had partly paid for out of their own pockets. The landowner had plenty of rooms for any meetings he wanted by way of hunting and shooting parties. He had a house inside those park gates big enough to lodge the whole village and all their families. He had another house just as big somewhere down in the south. He had another in London, and another in foreign parts. trouble about houses must be to decide which of them he'd like to be in best. He had more land than he could walk over, let alone dig or graze. And yet he was always aiming at buying more, and was trying to force the Dalesmen to sell the farms they and their fathers had worked hundreds of years before the landowner was And all because he wanted more pheasants for him and his friends to kill just for the fun of killing them. And he fed the pheasants on hard-boiled eggs mixed up with mash, and eggs at sixpence apiece in London, as he had heard, and the farmers not able to afford a six months' hired man to labor and live with the family through prices always going up and never

"Well, we have all to suffer alike in these days, haven't we?" said a lady who had stopped her new motor beside Mr. Clarkson upon the road to listen. "The selfishness of some people is quite astonishing!"

"It is not exactly selfishness perhaps," Mr. Clarkson replied. "I think he is aiming at what Wordsworth called joy in widest commonalty spread, you know."

"If he means we have all got to pinch equally in these hard times," said the lady, "he is right. Drive on, John."

The farmer ended. There was a burst of applause from the line of cowering figures along the wall. Then the Spirit yet a Woman too, handed Lucy to her husband and herself began. She did not discuss the price of eggs or any matters of the house. At once she launched out into a decisive attack upon profiteers, mineowners, royalty-owners, shareholders, rent, and all the evils of the Capitalist System. The Government, the disgrace of Ireland, the perpetual incitement to new wars-all had their turn under the harrow of her wrath. The meeting was there, she said, to promote a Labor Party candidate for next election. That was all right, but for herself she had her doubts about Parliament in any form. The time had come for much bigger changes than any Parliament could accomplish. It was for the common people that she stood-the miners, the factory hands, the railway men, the farm laborers, whose life was one long and unvarying toil from cradle to grave. As for the nobility and gentry who ruled the Parliament, she took no count at all of them, but the sooner they shared out or hid themselves the better for themselves, for a new time was coming and it wouldn't be long.

The church bells began ringing for evening service, and Mr. Clarkson turned away. A few gaily dressed tourists were going to the church. An old-fashioned carriage and pair drove up and deposited an old-fashioned pair of human beings. A motor came through the park gates, and the landowner himself stepped out, followed by his wife, but drove away again towards another nobleman's seat.

"Alas! regardless of their doom, the little victims play," Mr. Clarkson murmured to himself, as he watched them all pass.

From the meeting along the wall came a yet louder outburst of applause, as the woman finished with a stir-

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ring appeal. "It is a different song from the music of the Solitary Reaper which the poet bore in his heart long after it was heard no more," thought Mr. Clarkson, as he turned again to his lodgings. "In place of old-unhappy, far-off things, do we not hear the hum of mighty workings? And as such, I suppose, we must give it welcome."

THE FALL OF MAN.

THE fall of "The Fall of Man" has been received with equanimity. There are some who argue that as they can hardly conceive lower abysses than those in which man crawls and snarls to-day, the problems of the height and date of his fall are of academic interest; others, hibernating in the Polar regions of Catholic dogma, are indifferent either to facts or to their interpretation in the temperate climes of mental progress; thinkers are concerned with the world as it wags, while the public only bothers itself with the rise in prices and the unseasonable fall of the temperature, and the great ones of the earth with the rise or fall of their bank balances. Yet if Canon Barnes's gallant surrender to the British Association is hardly a great event in the phenomena of ideas, it is so in symbol and in story. So far as we can be aware of any occurrence outside the records of personal experience, we know that the dogma of man living thousands of years ago in a golden age, in communion with the divine, and falling from grace by disobedience to the heavenly will, or, in other words, falling with a thud from the top of the evolutionary tree when he was still fumbling about at the roots, is theological moonshine. If we could transport ourselves in imagination to the scene of this ancient drama, we should as likely as not view Adam—a shambling, hairy man, with prognathous jaws, bent knees, and prominent, overhanging eye-ridges-hiding in a swamp, with his hand over Eve's mouth, while the relatives of her lately murdered husband grunted strangely as they hunted him with lumps of rock. But we have really advanced not only from theological but from scientific dogma. First of all we rejected the Biblical myths; now we explain them according to rational agencies. Belt in his admirable "Naturalist in Nicaragua" speculated as to what happened to the fauna and flora when Central and South America were locked up in frozen masses of ice. According to him, glaciation corresponded with the emergence of a considerable land surface over the adjacent shelf of the Pacific, and the retreat of the glaciers was followed by a widespread subsidence of these oceanic lands. Whether Belt was right or wrong matters not at all; the point is that natural phenomena did take place in the Pleistocene which give a working guarantee for the tradition of the Flood. It is even possible to interpret the account of the Creation, if not of Adam himself, of the beginnings of organic life from the dust of the earth, by modern scientific hypothesis. The question of how protoplasm could survive transport to our earth in a meteorite cannot be answered, and the theory of the "vitalists" from Aristotle to Thomson that inorganic matter, as in the growth of the crystal, the behaviour of ferments, the mysterious animations of local and latent life, the "fatigue" of metals, and so on, contains the potentiality of the living, gains in consequence besides enlarging and ennobling our view of the ascent and continuity of life from the very dust of substance. In the same way the doctrine of the Fall may be rightly sifted from supernatural and authoritarian futility by explaining it as the result of the evolution of consciousness. The beasts are sinless because they know not evil,

and the postulate that man reverted to a lower type when first conscious of his powers of choice and recognition between good and evil is hardly an obstacle to faith in the rational order of the universe.

But we need not fret ourselves overmuch because of the godly, and a problem of much more emotional and practical consequence than the Fall of Man in the past is the Fall of Man in the present. Canon Barnes would be a romantic person if he attempted to concede this Fall to the optimists. For if civilized man goes on falling at the mean rate at which he has obeyed the moral law of gravitation since the opening of the century, he will fall right out of the world, taking with him all the higher animals he butchers for his pleasure or his greed. How, then, can one reconcile this fall with the theory of evolution; in what possible way can we see compatibility between them? The condition of life to-day-all life, human and animal, victors and victims-might indeed be evidence against the meaning and design of evolution, that there is no guiding principle to life, and that chance contingencies and determinate attractions and repulsions of molecules are the only realities of the universe. In our realization of the modern fall of Homo Sapiens, we might indeed quit our faith in the "Magna Carta of intellectual freedom "-evolution-abandon the field to the theologians and double the Fall. None the less a way out there must be, since this faith is built up not of idle dreams but living truth. For the first time in the history of man we have, in spite of its manifold imperfections, a working hypothesis of the universe raised on a solid body of facts in which knowledge and vision do not contradict each other, and in which the ethical, practical, and philosophic faculties have wider range than in the whole previous genealogical table of ideas. In the possession of this new kingdom, which poetry has prophesied and science gained for us, and in the light of the ascent of life, we can appreciate the significance of the fall of modern European man. We can free ourselves in the first place from our provincial way of thinking by surveying not one fall but a hundred falls. It is like modern arrogance to assume that we have a monopoly of falling! The Ammonites fell, the Labyrinthodonts fell, the Saurians fell, Neanderthal man fell, the great Cro-Magnon race fell, the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Mussulman, the Spaniard, one after the other, order, race, tribe, empire, all have possessed the earth or a large enough slice of it in their turn, and all have fallen. But life has gone steadily onwards and upwards, climbing over the bones of the vanished and discarded, husks that were once the green sheaths of its budding spirit. For these animals and races fell because they deserved to fall, because their contribution to the evolutionary process was accomplished, and because they could no longer respond to the imperative summons of development. They took the wrong turning, and life went on without them, leaving them up their lanes in unprogressive content or dissolution.

The fall of civilized man to-day is probably more disastrous than any past tumble, because the height to which we have risen is correspondingly greater than all previous achievments, and the resultant demand upon us the more urgent. And the world rings with the loudness of this summons. Consider the evolutionary advance of the evolutionary concept alone since the days of its discovery. There can be no doubt that the Victorian misreading of the Struggle for Existence has had a fatal repercussion upon the mental processes and, in consequence, the material well-being of modern man. But what a revolution of attitude has taken place during

the last fifty years—a mutation of thought, as the biologists say. Variations, said the Victorian, are the product of caprice, and we now realize that "chance is one of the most orderly phenomena in the universe." The older physicists explained the universe in terms of molecular energy, and interpreted the living creature as a physico-chemical mechanism. We now know from the experiments of Jennings and the patient researches of Driesch, that not the meanest organism that waves its cilia in the waters but employs a force in its vital functions baffling every mechanistic formula. The amœba behaves; it is capable of profiting by and registering the gains of experience, it "trades with time," and can learn by the "method of trial and error" to reject and "The living creature," we read in a book justly accept. named "The Bible of Nature":-

"feeds and grows; it undergoes ceaseless change, yet has a marvellous power of retaining its integrity; it is not merely a self-stoking, self-repairing engine, but a self-reproducing machine; it has a self-regulative development; it gives effective response to external stimuli; profits by experience; it uses time; it co-ordinates its activities into unified behavior, it may be into intelligent deeds and rational conduct."

There is surely no discovery in this half-century of progress which so vindicates idealism and so unifies the rational and spiritual approaches to the cosmic process as this recognition of the "individual and creative genius of the organism," of its entelechy as the autonomous agent of an organic imagination, and the studies of the Mendelists and Professors Bateson Poulton, Doncaster, &c., into the properties of the germ-plasm only strengthen the evidence. It is a deliverance from fatalism. These examples can be multiplied. Huxley painted nature as a "gladiatorial show," William James as a "harlot" and "mere weather," but the moderns have swung over to the other side, not as artists and dreamers, but investigators of facts, and we have Professor Bourne saying: "This fratricidal war is not so evident-I doubt whether it exists to any great extent-in the animal world." The Darwinians defined competition as the rule of natural life; the modern zoologist listens to Kropotkin's: "That is the watchword that comes to us from the bush, the forest, the river, the ocean. 'Therefore combine-practise mutual aid!''' The new knowledge that man has conquered the world not by brute force but by mental evolution, and that altruism (as Herbert Spencer in his day cried to deaf ears) is an integral and increasing part of the order of nature, is a further example. Before this wonderful turnover of opinion, accomplished in so short a period and derived from quarters used to treating sentiment as an irrational bogey, we need feel no surprise at Professor Muirhead's statement that :-

"it is not too much to say that religion in the wider sense of the word exercises a stronger hold on the mind of the civilized world to-day than it has done at any period since the Reformation."

It seems, then, that coincident with the fall of civilized man we have a Renaissance of civilized thought, and that we are more advanced in our knowledge of how to rise with the universe at our backs at the period of our fall than we were in our Victorian altitudes. We have proved the world and found it good; we have gained an incalculable experience in utilizing its resources for the welfare of humanity; we have asked and received a natural sanction to better our lot, and we can no longer plead ignorance in the methods of opening this great reservoir of knowledge to irrigate all our moral and physical deserts. Nor are there really formidable obstacles to putting our faith and our wisdom to practical tests. We appear to forget that if

Canon Barnes had thrown the Fall of Man to the formalists 500 years ago (a toddle in the evolutionary journey), he would have been burned at Smithfield, with Mr. Chesterton dancing round the flames. Both theology and science have come through into the century with broken bones but cleared heads and mended hearts, and there is nothing to bind them. And on the negative side, we have repeated and clamant signs (the omens and portents of an older world) that the "gathering darkness of the frown of God" is not a picturesque phrase, that Christianity is a practical and necessary experiment in government, and that man shall not live by bread alone, or he shall not have even half a loaf. The repudiation of our brutality, greed, and stupidity comes not in whispers but shouts. We are perfectly well aware that evolution is a switchback movement, and that, slowly as it moves, it is not going to be held up because we are fools enough to get in its way. The sovereignty of the earth is only ours so long as we can make our responses, and if we fail to make them, then nobody is to blame for the crash but ourselves. At least if we persist in falling, we shall have the deep if melancholy satisfaction of knowing that if we do not survive, it is because we are not fit to survive, and that the ultimate truth of evolution is not shaken but substantiated by our fall. We are aware in these days, for instance, that the warmblooded animals are physiologically akin to man. Yet this knowledge coincides with an enormous increase in the diabolical tortures and exterminations of animals for trade purposes. Better we should die than fill the earth with the groans of our victims. Civilizations have their seasons, their green, brown, and yellow leaf; and ours, its labors accomplished, hangs like a rotten plum on the tree of life. But another civilization overlaps it, and will catch up the sifted value of its heritage, and in its turn will give place before another, the civilization, perhaps, of some humble race, unconscious yet of its birthright, but yet potentially higher than our own. We have been barbarians for a year and semi-civilized beings for a day, and the universe must be given its own time to make its

"The general result and ideal of biology is to deepen "The general result and ideal of biology is to deepen our wonder in the world, our love of beauty, our joy in living. The modern botanist is in a very real sense more aware of the Dryad in the tree than the Greek could be. Our point is that biology, by its revelation of the mystery, wonder, and beauty of life, its intricacy and subtlety, its history, its tragedy and comedy, approaches another aspect of the Idea of God."

It is the Idea of God which has been plucked from the Tree of Knowledge by man risen from the very dust of

Present-Pap Problems

THE AALAND QUESTION AND THE SELF-

DETERMINATION OF NATIONALITIES.
THE Council of the League of Nations may soon have to pass a decision which will be of considerable importance, not only on account of its immediate consequences,

but on account of its implications.

The inhabitants of the Aaland Islands, which belong to Finland, have expressed their desire to be united with Sweden, and appealed to the League of Nations "to bring their cause to an immediate decision in such a way that the people of Aaland may, by a plébiscite, in due form and of irrevocable nature, and taking place at once, take its definite choice in the question of joining Sweden or Finland." They have based their appeal on the right which, in their opinion, belong to them in

accordance with the principle of the self-determination of nationalities.

Primâ facie, their appeal may seem justified. They are all Swedes by race and language, they belong to a country where the large majority of the population consists of Finns, and they are afraid of their denational-But there is another side of the question. The twenty-five thousand Aalanders are not the only Swedes in Finland. They only form a fraction of the Swedish nationality of that country, which amounts to nearly 400,000 individuals. Hence the principle of the self-determination of nationalities would seem to imply that the plébiscite ought not to be restricted to the Aalanders, but that the whole Swedish nationality in This nationality has, Finland ought to be consulted. through its General Assembly or *Folkting*, declared itself opposed to the severance of Aaland from Finland. The Folkting is an unofficial assembly representing the Swedish-speaking people of the country and charged with the duty of guarding their political and cultural interests. Its members are elected by general suffrage, every Swedish Finlander, man or woman, above the age of twenty-four having one vote. They come from all the different parts of Swedish-speaking Finland, and belong to all classes of society, and must therefore be considered competent to judge of and express the views held by the Swedish Finlanders on matters of national concern.

The Aalanders form a part of the Swedish nationality geographically as well as politically. Apart from larger or smaller groups found in the various towns, particularly Helsingfors and Aabo, this nationality inhabits three separate districts: the Ostrobothnian, on the eastern shores of the middle part of the Gulf of Bothnia; the Nylandic, on the coast of the Gulf of Finland; and the south-western, consisting of a portion of the mainland of Finland and an extremely extensive archipelago stretching westwards. Of this archipelago the Aaland Islands form a section, separated from Sweden by the Aaland Sea, which reaches the comparatively great depth of three hundred metres, contains no islands, and is mostly free from ice during the winter.

The Aalanders belong to the Swedish nationality in Finland also from the cultural point of view. A prominent Aalander, Mr. Otto Andersson, in criticizing the attitude of the Aaland delegates, explicitly states that the cultural bonds between Sweden and Aaland have always been insignificant. During the last quarter of a century no Swedish representative of culture has exercised any considerable degree of influence on Aaland. All elementary schools, the People's High School, the Young Men's and Young Women's Associations, and the musical societies, have close relations with the mainland of Finland. And there, also, all Aalanders who have attained a higher degree of culture have received their education.

There is also ample evidence that the Aaland Islanders, until the very last years, have felt themselves as Swedish Finlanders. It is strange to read in their representatives' appeal to the League of Nations a statement like this, that "to-day, as ever, does the Aalander regard Sweden as his fatherland." Mr. Sundblom, who for a long time represented the Aalanders in the Diet of Finland, and who now is the leader of their separatist movement, has on various occasions given the most emphatic assurances of their fidelity to Finland, as also of their unity with the other Swedish Finlanders. We find in his speeches sentences like these: "Swedes and Finns fought side by side when battles raged and snowdrifts were tinged blood-red. We have one fatherland; we are a united people. So it is to-day; so shall it be for ever." "The Swedish race in Finland is undivided and moves towards a single goal." "It is our duty to work, with enthusiasm and set purpose, for the fatherland which is indivisible and common to us all, and for the culture and progress of the Swedish regions." The last sentence is from a speech delivered as late as June, 1917, when the orator saluted the new epoch which would bring to Finland her freedom and independence. Can anybody, on hearing

such utterances from the present separatist leader himself, doubt that the Aalanders, until quite recently, felt themselves as Finlanders and as part and parcel of the

Swedish nationality in Finland?

It may be asked why the present aspirations of the Aalanders are opposed by the other Swedish Finlanders. The reasons are simple enough. First, there is the general patriotic reason that Finland, on strategic and economic grounds, cannot afford to lose Aaland. Secondly, the loss of Aaland would cause an irreparable injury to the Swedish nationality in Finland as such, for which the amputation of one of its limbs would mean a serious reduction of its strength and influence. Moreover, that nationality depends for its well-being both on friendly relations to the Finns and on intimate contact with Sweden, and the loss of Aaland would undoubtedly disturb the relations on either side. As Professor Sederholm observes, in an able essay on the Aaland question, "a feeling of bitter hostility would incessantly rankle in the hearts of the Finns, who form the great majority of the Finnish nation, and are a young, strong, virile, excitable, and very stubborn people. Finland would be inclined to associate herself with every political anti-Swedish combination which would afford her the possibility of avenging herself and of washing away the offence. This national feeling against the Swedes would be readily turned against Finland's own Swedish-speaking citizens, who, so long as they are desirous of maintaining their Swedish affinities, could not perpetually share the indignation of their Finnish co-citizens. The loss of Aaland would therefore involve the most disastrous consequences to the Swedish-speaking population of Finland." For this reason, also, it would inflict an injury upon Finland as a whole. The special patriotic mission of the Swedish Finlanders is to preserve and strengthen the cultural bridge with Sweden, Finland's natural ally in the West, from whom she has derived the most essential part of her culture. cannot be alienated from Sweden without suffering a grievous loss. Nor can friendly relations with Finland be a matter of indifference to Sweden. If there is any part of the earth where natural conditions and historical development alike have predestined neighboring nations to remain friends for all time, that is the region inhabited by the four small nations of the North.

Like the Aalanders, the Swedish Finlanders in general have a keen apprehension that when two different nationalities inhabit the same country, larger one, especially when the disproportion is so great as that between Finns and Swedes, may some day take undue advantage of its numerical superiority and disregard the legitimate claims of the minority. true that Finland's Constitution of 1919 recognizes both Finnish and Swedish as the national languages. It also recognizes in theory that the cultural interests of the Swedish-speaking population shall be supported in accordance with the same principles as those applied to the Finnish-speaking population; and it lays down the rule that in case the boundaries of the administrative districts of the country are changed in the future, due regard shall be paid to the geographical distribution of the two nationalities. But these stipulations, which are only of a general character, presuppose as supplement special legislation regulating in detail the use of the national languages in public life and education. Such legislation is of the utmost importance for the Swedish nationality in Finland. Hence the Permanent Delegation of the Folkting has requested the Government of the Republic to declare itself willing to submit to the Diet of 1921 a Bill for conferring autonomy on the three Swedish-speaking districts of Aabo, and Ostrobothnia, and another Bill for Nyland. the establishment of a higher administrative unit comprising the four districts of Nyland, Aabo, Aaland, and Ostrobothnia-a Bill which would recognize the whole Swedish-speaking Finland as a guaranteed national unit, without in any way endangering the unity of the State. The Delegation has received an answer which gives good hopes that the aspirations of the Swedish Finrighto a how a l Swe unit sect hop cha on

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landers will before long be satisfied by friendly agreement with their Finnish fellow-citizens. By a special Act the Aalanders have already been granted extensive rights of self-government, but they have, so far, refused to avail themselves of this Act. It is quite possible, however, that their attitude would be different towards a law which united Aaland and the other parts of Swedish-speaking Finland in a higher administrative unit, a law which ought to give the Aalanders all the security needed. And it is perhaps not too much to hope that the opinion of Sweden, also, would undergo a change if sufficient guarantees were given to her kinsmen on the other side of the sea.

If the natural and legitimate demands of the Swedish Finlanders to obtain autonomy should, contrary to all expectations, be left ungratified, they might reconsider their attitude towards the claims of the Aalanders. But they trust that the appeal of the Aalanders in no circumstances shall lead to their separation from Finland before the Diet of the Republic has definitely regulated the position of the Swedish nationality in the country. They regard the separatism of the Aalanders as a desertion from their natural friends and tribesmen, with whom from time immemorial they have shared both weal and woe. And they cannot believe that the principle of the self-determination of nationalities, which they hold in the highest possible regard, gives to a fraction of a nationality the right to go to its own way to the detriment of that nationality as a whole.

EDWARD WESTERMARCK.

Tetters to the Editor.

A CHALLENGE TO THE CONSTITUTION.

SIR,—When a short time ago Mr. J. H. Thomas proposed negotiations in the Irish matter to Mr. Lloyd George, that gentleman replied that Mr. Thomas could not "deliver the goods," that he was not in a position to guarantee the issue of negotiations.

As a matter of fact, it is Mr. Lloyd George who cannot "deliver the goods." For this there are two reasons. Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues have openly allied themselves with the band of wreckers in the North-East corner of Ulster, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Smith the Englishman, and Mr. Bonar Law the Scot, who drilled and armed with rifles imported from Germany the disaffected element, openly preached rebellion, encouraged a mutiny at the Curragh, and proclaimed that under a solemn League and Covenant signed by them they would resist by force the will of the nation, the Act passed for Irish self-government to which the King and both Houses of Parliament had subscribed. To this threat the weak Ministry of that day succumbed, declaring that to coerce this seditious and irreconcilable minority was unthinkable. Later, Mr. Lloyd George joined himself to these men. Closely allied with them, he cannot "deliver the goods."

Even if he were to free himself from their power and make in words resplendent offers to the Irish people, he would be equally unable, for no one would believe that he would carry out his promise, even if his party remained in power. For some peculiar reason, rightly or wrongly, he and those who act with him have acquired such a reputation for shifty phrase and unstable action, for evasion and misstatement even beyond the usual limits of politics, whether in regard to Ireland, or Syria, or Poland, or Mesopotamia, that a mere promise by him would have no value whatever. He cannot "deliver the goods." Is there anyone who can; anyone whose words and actions would be trusted by Irish and Anglo-Scot alike; anyone who would satisfy Thackeray's definition of a gentleman in his "Four Georges," one who would bear good fortune meekly, meet evil with constancy, and through evil and good speak the truth always? Surely this definition of a gentleman applies fully and accurately to what we know of our King. He is one whose word if given would be accepted the world over. He can "deliver the

goods." He could settle the whole Irish difficulty as representing not a party but the whole people. Will he?

A few days ago an appeal went to the King from the deliberate decision of his Ministers not to release a man at the point of death who had been sentenced to two years in gaol by a military tribunal on court martial evidence for acts, not crimes, made offences by the Ministry in alliance with this band of wreckers. The King, replying through his Secretary, declined to interfere on the ground that "it would be unconstitutional and dangerous for the Sovereign to make such experiments upon the Constitution. The Sovereign's action would be in the face of the advice of his Ministers and with the presumable result of their resignation; also the further risk that the country at large might regard the price paid too high for the object attained, and blame his Majesty for creating a grave political crisis at a time of special national stress and anxiety." This reply of the King's Secretary is the severest challenge to the Constitution since the proposal to pass a Reform Bill by the creation of dummy peers. A great lawyer, writing in the "Times," calls to mind a seeming parallel when King George IV. attempted against the will of his Ministers to pardon a criminal. I venture to say that the King's advisers were absolutely wrong in the advice given to his Majesty, and that the former case cited is no parallel.

The theory that the King is an absolutely helpless lay figure who cannot even save a dying man rests on a Whig fallacy which underlies all the so-called constitutional history as taught in our schools, namely that the growth of freedom under our political system can only be preserved by movement in one direction, the increasing subordination of other parts to that part supposed to express the feelings and prejudices of the moment, popular control. The theory and the practice are wholly false. The British Constitution is a living and moving thing, expanding and asserting itself with the increasing needs of Empire, adapting itself to all variations of human conditions. By that means, and not on account of race or from any innate love of the "Anglo-Saxon" for "fair-play" or "chivalry" or other rubbish, we have been often saved from revolution. And it does not move

always in one direction.

The Constitution consists of three parts, all absolutely necessary for just balance—the King, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues, whether under the name of Cabal, Cabinet, or Coalition, have never been recognized as part of the Constitution in any sense. They represent only a convenient delegation from the body of the King's advisers (before the affair of the Queen's Bedchamber women, which limited his power to seek advice) called his private or Privy Council. Such a delegation has a tendency, as shown in this war, of forming an inner cabal of fewer members for greater secrecy and easier action.

It is essential that the three parts of the Constitution should balance, and that for this purpose their powers should be kept in proportion by the increase or decrease of power in any one part according to the political conditions of the times. So in early times the great administrative powers of the King are the object of jealousy; the misuse of their authority by the peers and great commoners brings about the Reform Bill; a period of peace and a closer consideration of social and economic questions called for a wider circle of administrators. But for a long time past the inevitable change of direction has come with our growth. Republics have shown themselves no more fond of freedom, no more concerned for the good of the weak and powerless, than the most arbitrary monarchies. Long ago, soon after Tennyson began to sing "broad based upon the people's will," swing had come in the direction of the increase of the power of the executive at the expense of the public assemblies. It has been helped for us by our enormous commitments during the past forty years in Africa and Asia. We have annexed some five million square miles—the British Islands are about 120 thousand square miles-densely inhabited by black or brown peoples with whom we do not intermarry, and to whom we do not give representative institutions. The tenwhom we do not give representative institutions. dency does not concern us only. It is working itself out all over the world, in some places by riot and revolt, in some by actual revolution, in some by mandates given to themselves by nations to coerce some weaker peoples under pretence of uplifting them, for territory or oil or cocoa or rubber, in some simply by the infliction of savage brute force.

In our country, which stands before the world as the archetype of liberal government, the tendency exhausts itself by vesting ever greater and greater power in the hands of the King through his Ministers, at the expense of the two assemblies of the Lords and So long as the King's Ministers responsible both to the King and to Parliament this is a safe solution of the change of direction. The King's actions will be jealously watched and can be easily checked by the representative assemblies. But if the King has abdicated

Unfortunately, during the long reign of Queen Victoria, there grew up the Whig theory that the subjection of the Crown was a permanent step towards human freedom, teaching the Sovereign that the Constitution called on him to allow his Ministers to absorb the powers vested in himself and necessary for the balance of the Constitution. The Ministers have ceased to be responsible to the King, as is shown by this latest instance of their power.

At the same time, by various Parliamentary developments, such as the Closure and the power of the caucus, the Ministers have ceased to be responsible to the people. people cannot force a dissolution, and the sitting members are not likely to ask for one. The Constitution is in abey-

No self-abnegation on the part of the King can check the tendency towards the strengthening of the executive. It only throws the increased powers into the hands of temporary irresponsible Ministers very ill qualified to use it. Even to the Islands the result is disastrous, shown in strikes and lock-outs. The King represents the moral force as well as the physical force of the whole Empire. He is the only tie, don't forget it, between the British Islands and the whole of the Empire. The Ministers represent only the dominance of a political party in the islands for a time.

It is not suggested that the King should act rashly or at all frequently apart from his Ministers. Only in exceptional cases would he reject their advice. But, however seldom he dared to act on his own personal initiative away from his Ministers, the effect would be excellent. Minister would know that the power could be exercised and would walk warily. No harm could happen either to the King or to the country. The Ministers could, if they chose, appeal to the country, and if it supported them could enforce advice upon the King. If, on the other hand, the increased powers of the executive are vested absolutely in the party Ministers, the country for a long time has no means to enforce its will. The present appalling condition of Ireland is an example of the evil which can come about through dragooning the country in the interests of one small section of a party.

If the King ceased under any circumstances to act, all the Empire, whether the great colonies or the millions of black and brown peoples, have no ruler until we have gone the way of all other empires, and replaced Clodius Cataline by Cæsar. The King in person, as part of the Constitution responsible to Parliament, is the one feature which differentiates us from all the other empires which, taking a republican form, have fallen under the military tyrant. From this the King can save us. But if he does not act, he From this the King can save destroys the Constitution.—Yours, &c.,
J. W. JEUDWINE.

THE COURT AND THE PLUMAGE TRADE. SIR,—Perhaps the following information may be of interest to those who remember your comment on the fact that the Queen wore the nuptial plumage of the great white heron at a Royal garden party. There is a shop in the West End of London which has written upon its window Plumassier to the Court. When I last saw it (a few days ago), there were displayed sheafs of the filaments of this heron, a large packet of the wonderful ocellated quills of the Arguspheasant (strictly protected by British laws in the Himalayas and Malay Peninsula which are its principal habitat), large and entire wings, probably of eagle or vulture, and a number With the of birds of paradise, all of different species. usual grotesquely bad taste of this vulgar trade, the bodies

of the birds had been cut off and only the bill, head, and the radiant, silky tail-feathers left. Whoever has read Lesson's or Wallace's descriptions of the birds of paradise alive and in their native Papua, will realize something of the criminality of extinguishing these miracles of natural beauty from the world for money and vanity. In 1896, seventeen species of ten genera of the Paradiseina were known. The glorious tail-feathers are nuptial ornaments; the birds reproduce very slowly, and are not found in the interior. Their habits of breeding in particular coast localities and of assembling (the males, which alone bear the bridal plumes) for wedding dances, make it the easiest thing in the world to exterminate them, apart from the fact that the family is strictly monogamous. The trade itself says that "only 30,000" of these birds are annually imported into England for millinery, so that common sense will endorse the state-ments of the British Museum and of travellers in New Guinea who are members of the Zoological Society and the British Ornithological Union that these unique birds are in immediate peril of complete annihilation. If this shop supplies plumage to the Court, as it claims, the Monarchy, in spite of all its professions in the past, is giving direct encouragement to these wanton and barbarous massacres (attended by the hunters' corruption of the Papuans by various diseases" and the exchange of rum and opium for skins), condemned by science, the Press, Parliament, the Government, and public opinion alike.

Is the Court so insensitive to public feeling as not to realize the effect of this contempt of it upon every man of average sensibility-with a Plumage Bill before the country?

A MEMBER OF THE PLUMAGE BILL GROUP.

Boetro.

WATER-SPORT.

"Come, all who hear our song," say Yalding bells,
And dim "We bid you come" ring Hunton's four;
Then "Come, come, come" the dingling treble tells,
And still the echo drones a moment more. The sunny music travelling out like bees Was pleasant on the water's wide, blue glade, Where Cheveney mill peers through the poplar trees-Sweet fell the summons there, but none obeyed.

Loosed from the harness of the grumbling mill Hungry for play, peal churchbells as they will, The mill boy and his boon companions urge Their crazy boat out from the bubbling verge And up the broad flood, subbling as they row, They venture proud as Vikings long ago; Where the red butterfly with sleights and whims Mocks the stretched hand, and where the swallow skims To gild his wing with floss of twinkling dew. And in the hawthorn whence the young thrush flew The chuff vole feeds, a very alderman, Though scared below, that old leviathan

Pleasure is there in that old boat and rude, And will be there, as long as the green planks Hold each to each: as long as Sunday pranks Startle the redhead moorhen into shelter Or on the sleeping hatch the black weeds swelter. Glorious will be the long adventurous day, And sweet will vespers be, to hush their play, When the slow ripples from the home course run For seeming miles on miles to the dying Sun, The dying Sun that even through the black Sharp-jutting mill will burn with intense light; Joy will fall deeper with the dews of night And the new moon marred with no wraith or wrack Seem like an angel to the mill boy's sight.

The pike shoots into surer solitude.

EDMUNI BLUNDEN.

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The Morld of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:-

"Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland." Collected and
Arranged by Lady Gregory. With Two Essays and Notes
by W. B. Yeats. Two Vols. (Putnam. 22s. 6d.)

"Memoirs of Life and Literature." By W. H. Mallock.
(Chapman & Hall. 16s.)

"Europe and the Faith." By H. Belloc. (Constable. 17s. 6d.)

"This dreary expanse," the guide-book explained, "will not attract the tourist." It was quite true. I was alone to that degree beyond mere solitude when you feel you are not alone, but that the place itself is observing you. Yet only five miles away long lines of motor-cars were waiting to take tourists, at ruinous prices, to the authentic and well-known beauty spots. There was not, as the polite convention would put it, a soul about. It was certainly a dreary expanse. But the sunlight there seemed strangely brighter, I thought, and what was more curious, appeared to be alive. It was quivering. The transient revelations of some gulls remote in the blue were as if you could glimpse, now and then, something immaculate in heaven. Nothing of our business was in sight anywhere except the pallid stalk of a lighthouse; and that, I knew, was miles away across the estuary whose waters were then invisible, for it was not only low tide, but I was descending to the saltings, having left the turf of the upper salt marshes.

You felt that here in the saltings you were in a place that was no affair of ours. The very vegetation was foreign. The thrift, sea lavender, rocket, sea campion, and maritime spurge did not reach so far as this. They came no nearer than where the highest tidal marks left regular lines of driftwood and bleached shells, just below the break of the upper marshes. Here it was another kingdom, neither sea nor land, but each alternately during the spring tides. At first the sandy mud was reticulated with sun-cracks, not being often touched by the sea, and the crevasses gave a refuge for algæ. There was a smell, neither pleasant nor unpleasant, which reminded you of something so much in the past that you could not remember what it was. But it was sound and good. Beyond that the smooth mud glistened as if earth were growing a new skin, which yet was very tender. It was spongy, but did not break when you trod on it, though the earth complained as you went. It was thinly sprinkled with a plant like little fingers of green glass, the maritime samphire, and in the distance this samphire gave the marsh a sheen of continuous and vivid emerald.

THE saltings looked level and unbroken. But seaward you were sure to be surprised by a drainage channel. These channels serpentined everywhere, and were deep and wide. Sometimes they contained nothing but silt, and sometimes they were salt-water rivers. You came upon such a canyon unexpectedly, first warned it was there by the sudden eruption of a flock of dunlin, a flock which then passed seawards in a regimented flight which was like an alternate flash of light and a swift shadow. Dunlin, curlew, oyster-catchers, or gulls, left such a gulley just before you knew you were headed off again. In one of these creeks, however, the birds left me more than their fine foot-prints to examine. They left a small craft, whose mast I had long taken to be a stump projecting from the mud. A young man in a brown beard, a brown shirt, and a pair of khaki trousers was sitting on its skylight. He hailed, and showed me how I could get to him without sinking up to more than the knees in this dreary spot.

"STAY here if you like," he said, "and when the tide is full I can pull you round to the village." It was a little cutter of about fifteen tons, moored to the last huge links of a cable the rest of which had long been covered. I thought he was just making holiday in a novel way. "Not me," he

replied, "I'm living." It seems (I am but paraphrasing his apology) that after he returned from Cambrai, bringing back from France, as a young officer, some wounds and other decorations, but also his youthful idealism and a remembrance (worse luck) of society's noble promises to its young saviours, at length the time came when beautiful Peace gave us a chance to make our dear land such that heroes would love it the more. But not long after that the sight of us made him feel ill. He "stuck it" as long as he could. But the more he observed us the worse he felt. He therefore gave up a good position a second time. "What was the good of the money? The profiteers and the State took most of it. I was only working hard to surrender it again to every kind of parasite. London was a worse infliction on the soul, something more shocking, than ever was the Somme. should not object to sweep the roads for a community of good people. But the dead in High Wood, all the nameless corruption of that battlefield-did you ever see it?-well, I thought nothing ever was or ever could be worse than that. But something, I found, was worse. The minds of the living who were never in France were worse to me. I couldn't remember the pals I'd lost, and remain where I was with those minds about me. It was more desperate than shelling or gas. It was worse than that German-I daresay you met him-who was just the other side of the parapet for months and months."

His only companion now is a paraffin stove, which does not, perhaps, require a gas-mask to aid in its companionship; though about that I won't be sure. The only conversation he hears is that of the curlews; subdued, cheerful, and very intimate voices, having just that touch of melancholy which intimacy, when it is secure and genuine, is sure to give, however jolly the intimacy may be. But he can never see the newspapers? "Sometimes," he said, "a sheet will float by, perhaps from a pic-nic party, but nothing worse than that. I'm beginning to feel better already." at first he was afraid he could not live on what little money he had, and could earn casually, after buying the boat, but "it's easier to live than I thought. There's not nearly so much worry and force needed as I used to suppose. It is surprising how much one can do without, and still feel well and contented. I can see now I used to be a slave, and my chains were chiefly those duties I had assumed it was incumbent on each of us to perform. I was rather scared at first when I got rid of the chains. But, after all, it is not so hard to be free, I find. The world, as is evident from its vast wreckage, has more disciplined and obedient people than is good for it. One great benefit of freedom is, that being unshackled from the crowd, you are quite indifferent as to which way the crowd goes. I don't care now what the public does—that's its own affair, and I hope it will enjoy it." After a silence he said: "That sounds selfish, I know. And I'm not sure yet that it isn't. Anyhow, if one could help one's fellows, one would. But is it possible to help them? When last did they listen to reason? only guides they will listen to are frauds so obvious that they would make an ass lay back his ears. Well, at least I'll wait here till the crowd knows enough to stop before it gets to the edge of the steep place-if it can stop now."

I ASKED him what he was reading now. "Very little. I fish more than I read. It's a good way of learning where the deeps and the shallows are. You'd think it would take only a week to learn all there is here. I should have thought so once. I know now that I shall never thoroughly know this estuary. Its variety is wonderful. Every tide, every day, every night is a new experience. I am beginning to live again." In the boat, going round to the village, he learned I was a writer, rested on his oars, and drifted with the tide. "I'll give you a job," he said. "Write a book that will make people hate the God-State as Moloch was at last hated. Turn the young against it. The newest priest is the politician. No ritual in any religion was more mind-enslaving than that round the new worship of the God-State. If humanity isn't wakened to that, humanity is doomed." He began then to pull me towards humanity again.

H. M. T.

Rebiews.

THE SIGNS OF CHANGE.

Labor's Challenge to the Social Order." By JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS, (Macmillan).

Socialists and other radical reformers have often disputed among themselves the question whether America will be the first or the last country to revolutionize its industrial and political system. On the surface, at any rate, plutocratic capitalism appears to be more firmly established, alike in economic and political control, than in any other country. Capitalism is closer and more highly organized, while the Labor movement is weaker both in numbers and in solidarity. On the other hand, the sense of social equality and the demand for a higher standard of living are far more intensive and pervasive in America than anywhere in Europe. Until recently, wage-earners in the United States have never clearly accepted the position of a permanent working class. Most men of grit and energy have had opportunities of escaping from wagedom and earning an independent livelihood in business or on the land. Revolutionary or extreme radical views were therefore mainly confined to the new immigrants from Europe, and had little bite upon the ordinary American mind. The general atmosphere was one of individualism, free contract, laissez-faire, with State or municipal Socialism, trade unionism, co-operation, feebly developed.

Now the new revolutionary demands of Labor are rapidly infecting the American workers. War experiences, though less vital, or mortal, in America than in Europe, have had the same effect in a rapid ripening of the problems of owner-

ship of property and control of industry.

Mr. John Graham Brooks is beyond question the bestequipped social critic in America. His close acquaintance with economic theory and history is of secondary importance in comparison with his intimate personal knowledge of the events and persons that have "counted" during the past forty years. During that long period he has studied the Labor and other social movements by constant travel and personal association with the active agents. In his own country he has developed an amiable Socratic method of inquiry, by means of which he has elicited the inward truth from capitalists and Labor leaders, from political bosses, clubmen, working girls, settlement dwellers, and all sorts of people who had anything of value to impart. To his American experience he has added by European investigation a rich body of related knowledge which gives him standards of comparison for the settling of the new democratic problems of his country. On terms of friendship with Kropotkin, Sir Horace Plunkett, and other social theorists and practitioners, he has gathered and sifted facts and evidence, hoping to get light upon the human possibilities of progress the direction of democracy. His sympathies are everywhere with popular self-government. But his experience has everywhere led him to suspect short-cuts and patent theories. And the profound distrust of the State and its administration, which is prevalent among all orders of Americans, disables him from assigning much part to public administration. He looks with most favor to the spread of the Cooperative Movement, of which he has made a close personal study, with a keen eye to the possibility of Guild Socialism, when its exponents can agree upon some intelligible relation between the Guild and the State. Everywhere he insists upon applying practical tests. Alive to the abuses of capitalism and to the moral deficiencies of the motive of private profit, he considers how far the alternative proposals will supply the moral stimuli necessary to economic success. It is partly a question of incentives to individual workers to give out their best powers of body and mind, and to exercise responsibility and forethought, partly a question of the machinery of self-government for industry. Mr. Brooks is as thoroughly convinced as are Mr. and Mrs. Webb that pure or direct democracy, in the shape of referendum or initiative, and popular mandates to elected representatives, is fatal to successful self-government; though he does not rule out as clearly as he might the self-governing workshop from the Co-operative Movement. He describes with skill the weakness of American trade unionism owing to the pressure of a crude democracy, and he brings out forcibly the leading truth which practical democrats everywhere find it so difficult to digest, that under the forms of democracy everywhere a few will actually determine policy, and ought to do so, until there is a wider diffusion of intelligence and public spirit in the rank and file. No doubt, the rule of Lenin and Trotsky is an oligarchy, but so is the rule of the tiny group of leaders who in every trade union branch and society frame the actual policy and sit upon executives with the merely formal "consent of the people." "It's always the few that run things" is the pregnant judgment of a workman quoted by Mr. Brooks. Here is the summary:—

"Labor comes finally to turn to a strong executive (especially in all emergencies) just as do corporations, cities, and Governments. They want the help of a power concentrated enough to be seen, measured, and held responsible. This turns the back squarely upon 'instructed delegates' and upon every other feature of popular rule which encourages indiscriminate mass voting. More and more it accepts the principle that tried and instructed officials be kept at their posts as long as efficiency requires. Professor Hoxie reports this from a trade union leader: 'The successful officer tends to stay in office indefinitely, and grows more competent and more powerful with service. As a democracy no union would last six minutes.'"

Mr. Brooks sees the American workman learning through "trial and error" in trade unionism and co-operation the lessons which he may be able to apply to democracy in the new order. He believes the workman capable of learning. An interesting chapter on Syndicalism assesses fairly the case of the I.W.W., the revolutionary unions of the Western miners, lumbermen, and other floating casual workers, whom the dishonest and mendacious Press of America, for the past year or more, has been stigmatizing as the advance guard of a Bolshevist revolution to overthrow the Government of the country. English readers will get here a just and balanced account of that use of illegal force alike by employers and workers which removes from all claim to civilization considerable sections of industrial America.

But Mr. Brooks finds everywhere signs of a better heart and a more intelligent mind among large sections of business men. He does not look to any rapid growth of public ownership or to the disappearance of private profit and capitalism. But he evidently thinks that concessions in the shape of a new and improved profit-sharing and co-partnership may be so grafted on the established American individualism as to secure a fair amount of industrial peace and efficiency. If an ordinary American can get a sufficiently high salary with ample leisure and opportunities to have "a good time," will he kick because his employer is a corporation and not a Government department? Though Mr. Brooks does not give a plain answer to this question, we are disposed to hold that his general evidence favors a negative reply. If this be so, in spite of a considerable growth of co-operation and some hankerings after Guild Socialism, American Capitalism can keep its domination substantially intact, making such concessions of wages, hours, social welfare, even co-partnership, as it can well afford.

But there may be more inflammatory forces to take into account, if Capitalism is insolent and indiscreet enough to parade its control of Government and law as it has been doing lately. For though Americans value equality more than liberty, the gross abuses of legal power to which both business men and politicians have been resorting for the repression of strikes, and of the ordinary liberties of free speech and organization, have stirred deep resentment in many parts of the country. The widespread employment of spies, thugs, and agents provocateurs, both by Government and big corporations, the connivance of these two powers to employ the law and the courts against trade unions, and still more, the frequent use of public force outside the law, Mr. Brooks rightly recognizes as the most dangerous tampering with the springs of social order.

"We closed up every 'wobbly' (i.e., I.W.W.) hall in town," said the Mayor. "We didn't have any law to do it with, so we used nails. When there was any serious opposition, we trotted out the Department of Health and had the buildings condemned. We didn't need any more law than we did to stop the red flag. We just stopped it."

The frequency of such action, and still more the wide approval of the Press and the ordinary citizen, are the most dangerous factors in American public life. ath to

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THE HUNT IS UP.

'Hunting the Fox." By Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

What spectacle is more exhilarating than hounds and huntsmen gathered together at a meet? The scarlet coats, the glistening horses, the hounds, a sea of moving heads and feathery tails, all the eager crowd of drivers, runners, cyclists, alert and glowing with excitement! What sound is more heartening than the huntsman's horn, his "Oick! Oick! Oick!" and "Gone away!"—the peal of the pack in full cry, the thunder of hoofs on the turf?

The appeal of the hunt is immediate and irresistible. Here, we feel, is an institution deep rooted in the soil of England, as vital as her poetry, as venerable as her cathedrals, and as fortifying as her good roast beef. For this is Sport—to the Englishman a sacred word. Sport has built up the Empire, made our public schools what they are, and now, as we are assured by its most distinguished and enthusiastic champion, won the European war.

Let those who cast on the present political and social horizon the eye of anxious misgiving, turn for a remedy to "Hunting the Fox," by Lord Willoughby de Broke. The noble author is a happy man, and his book what the publishers' advertisements call a happy book. It brings to all his countrymen glad tidings of great joy, for England, we are assured, may breathe again; her worst peril is safely over. True, there was a moment in 1914 when the country was faced with deadly danger: "When England declared war on Germany many people feared, some perhaps hoped, that fox-hunting in the British Isles was doomed." Some perhaps hoped! Well, it needed but a sprinkle of the great Condy's Fluid to dispel for ever the noxious vaporings of all "The immediate such cranks, conchies, and pro-Germans. consequence of mobilization was the recognition of fox hunting as a first-class national asset;" and the war, far from threatening its extermination, has, Lord Willoughby assures us, enormously increased the number and ardor of its supporters. How has it been possible, some may wonder, that when so many sacrifices were made during the war, an institution as costly and it would seem as superfluous as fox hunting has been able to survive and flourish? How was it, when almost every other institution tottered, that the great governing kennels of England were able to stand firm? is as simple as it is satisfactory. Hunting, says Lord Willoughby, "like the drama, depends for its existence on the support of public opinion." Thus while bad causes, like the League of Nations, the Pioneer Players, and the Plumage Bill, are doomed to failure, good causes, like the cinema, the prize ring, the race course, and the hunt, will always continue to flourish. Fox hunting, says Lord Willoughby, " is a good cause if ever there was one. And a good cause is never lost.

Surely, no one can but take heart from so comforting a message! No one, that is to say, but the insignificant crank afflicted with a temperamental objection to sport, whose outlook, declares Lord Willoughby, would be "anti-social and un-English in whatever rank he may be found," and whose opinions are "hardly worth considering." Unfortunately, the present reviewer is obliged to rank himself with this meanspirited and lily-livered crew. These regard all sport involving cruelty to animals with extreme aversion; and, although Lord Willoughby and his adherents will naturally scorn to consider their objections, it may, nevertheless, interest a few who have not committed themselves on either side to state them very briefly.

Fox hunting, like other blood sports, is a survival from primitive times when the hairy savage had to kill his game or starve. Lord Willoughby and other fox hunters have not the excuse of hunger, nor would they urge any practical advantage in defence of an amusement which commands such great prestige. Sport, like art, is worth pursuing for its own sake; its perfect uselessness is its patent of nobility. Art, however, has frequently defended itself from the Philistine charge of unpracticality by the softening and refining influence it exerts over the passions. Sport has no such justification. There is in blood sport an element of brutality which no one who has watched the faces of men and boys rabbiting or hunters as their goal approaches, can deny. The expres-

sions of men and dogs become identical. They are made one in their thirst for blood.

"Mob him," cried Ridden, "the wood's ahead.
Turn him, damn it! Yooi! beauties, beat him!
O God, let them get him; let them eat him!
O God," said Ridden, "I'll eat him stewed
If you let us get him this side of the wood!"

There are, no doubt, a certain number of people who view the unleashing of the brute in man without disgust; whilst others may excuse it on the grounds that without a certain toughness of sensibility the nation would become effeminate. If the inhabitants of England consisted entirely of characters like Adrian and Jacynth Berridge in Max's parody of Mr. Galsworthy there might be something in the excuse. But a nation which has just subscribed £15,000 to General Dyer can hardly be menaced by a dangerous access of squeamishness. Cruelty is, on the whole, regarded by the majority of people, and rightly, as the abomination of abominations. It seems the one unpardonable sin. And as cruelty is meaner and more cowardly in proportion as its victim is weak and defenceless-cruelty to a woman being worse than to a man, and to a child worse than to a womanso (Mr. Bernard Shaw has argued in his preface to "Killing for Sport") cruelty to animals is the meanest and most cowardly of all. The charge of cruelty and cowardice is one which we feel sure Lord Willoughby de Broke and his Cruel to animals indeed! adherents would hotly resent. Why, no one can be kinder to horses, dogs, and even cats! Yet so blinding is the effect of custom, that while cruelty to domestic animals is regarded as a punishable offence, the torture of foxes, hares, stags, and rabbits is honored as a gentlemanly accomplishment. Wild animals, it seems, have no rights. They are completely in the power of man, who can maim, slay, and torture them for his pleasure. Yet to those whose love for animals is not merely confined to his particular parasites, there are few greater pleasures than to watch the frisking of baby rabbits at evening, or the hare bounding high over the fields; whilst Mr. Hudson, who has risen early enough to catch them at it, describes the play of young foxes as irresistibly graceful and enchanting.

Not long ago a cinema audience was delighted with photographs of a deer forest in which the stately, antlered stags were seen moving about in all their noble beauty; but when the film proceeded to show a stag hunt and con-cluded with the slaughter of one of these magnificent creatures, the plebeian audience loudly hissed. Is it not obvious that but for the prestige of sport, which sanctions such cruelties, it would be possible to educate mankind into a more humane and intelligent attitude towards wild animals? For the sporting instinct is atavistic and antagonistic to a civilized conscience; and in an unguarded moment Lord Willoughby gives himself away by exposing the falsity on which his whole creed rests. The last chapter, on "Some Sporting Writers," contains a handsome tribute to Mr. Masefield's "Reynard the Fox." No one who has read the poem can deny the writer's extreme impartiality, the fairness with which he holds the mirror up to both sides of the hunt, the vividness with which he paints the ardor and enthusiasm of the hunters no less than the agony and endurance of the hunted. Yet Mr. Masefield, says Lord Willoughby, "has succeeded in writing of a run which would make even the most bloodthirsty huntsman want the fox to beat the hounds at the finish." If fox-hunting were ever to go the way of bear-baiting and cock-fighting, that sympathy for hunted creatures which Mr. Masefield's genius has discovered in such unlikely places, would surely become universal. But, as Lord Willoughby remarks with comfortable assurance, "human nature will probably be much the same after the war as it was before the war"; and meanwhile the hunters go jogging merrily to the meet.

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a part of France's religion." Incidentally M. Deschanel reveals his own theory of politics, and the revelation will be a rude shock to the legend of an innocent and peace-loving France attacked by a brutal aggressor. The impression that he gives is that of a France whose one thought was that of revenge for the defeat of 1871. The war was not for M. Deschanel a calamity, but the "glorious dawn of the day" of which Gambetta dreamed and to which France had been looking forward for forty years. This is a libel on the French people as a whole, but it is true of the ruling classes of which M. Deschanel is so distinguished a representative.

At first sight there seems very little difference between M. Deschanel's theory of politics and that of Bismarck's, for instance. He regards European civil war, in Mr. Keynes's words, as "a normal, or at least a recurrent, state of affairs." The war of 1870 was "inevitable"; so was the war of 1914. M. Deschanel's sympathies—as, he says, were Gambetta's in 1870—are with the Republicans of the Restoration and of the Monarchy of July, "who dreamed of restoring the military greatness of France and the frontiers of the First Republic." Evidently he has not renounced the latter Republic." Evidently he has not renounced the latter ambition, for he puts the restoration of the Saar Valley to Germany in 1815 on the same level as the annexation by Germany of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871. France must not renounce an inch of territory, however obtained, and there must be no nonsense about "self-determination." "A nation like France does not hold itself beaten after three defeats,' and remained, therefore (not for any other reason), a "great nation" with a "great idea"—the idea of "La Revanche." France has now "fulfilled the destiny" that Gambetta planned, and his ideal—"a victorious Republic"—has proved a reality. That it has cost the lives of a million and a half Frenchmen, brought France to ruin, and plunged Europe in chaos and famine: all that matters nothing. M. Deschanel's complacent satisfaction is unclouded by a shade of misgiving.

There is, however, a considerable difference between M. Deschanel's theory of politics and that of Bismarck's, in that the latter aimed at tangible advantages. M. Deschanel. Like all French Chauvinists, he pursues, to quote Mr. Keynes again, "a 'real' policy on unreal issues." The German or British Imperialist is out to get something practical and gets it, if he wins; the French Chauvinist is out for glory and rarely gets anything else. Treaties illustrate that truth. M. Deschanel, like the Gambetta of his book, is an incurable romantic. His only concern is the glory of a mythical or "moral" personage called France, who is something apart from the concrete country and its inhabitants. An amusing example of this mythicism occurs in his defence of Gambetta's prolongation of the war of 1870. Duty and honor, he says, oblige a nation "to shed the last drop of her blood in defence of her Perhaps in his less rhetorical moments even

M. Deschanel recognizes that the only blood that a nation has to shed is that of "her children" themselves.

Gambetta was not, however, throughout his life so romantic or so Chauvinist as M. Deschanel represents him. Romantic, certainly, was the hopeless struggle which, though a marvellous achievement, was of doubtful benefit to France. M. Deschanel has not succeeded in refuting Thiers' contention that, if peace had been made earlier, France would have got better terms and probably saved the whole of Lorraine. He ignores the fact that Bismarck—quite logically, in view of his theory of Pan-Germanism—was always opposed to the annexation of any part of Lorraine. Although Bismarck did not and could not give Thiers on November 4th, 1870, a definite pledge to restore Metz, his promise to try to obtain its restoration, if Thiers treated at once, was undoubtedly sincere, and he would have had much more chance of overcoming the objections of Moltke, who wanted Metz for strategic reasons, than he had in the very different circumstances of February, 1871. But even in his youth Gambetta had more sense of realities than M. Deschanel, as is shown by his famous speech in the Legislative Assembly on July 15th, 1870, in which he denounced the Imperial Government for going back on its policy of 1864 and 1866, and declared the Ems telegram to be, as indeed it was, a totally inadequate reason for declaring war on Prussia. Since this speech does not fit in with M. Deschanel's conception of the ideal Gambetta, he apologizes for it and tries to explain it away. Gambetta, he says, was convinced that it was time to put an end to the "encroachments of Prussia." What they were, so far as France was concerned, he does not explain, but he mentions the well-known fact that Napoleon III., after having vainly asked for the left bank of the Rhine as far as Mainz, "fell back on Belgium and Luxembourg." When he could not get even Luxembourg he picked a quarrel with Prussia—no doubt to stop her "encroachments." Of course, Bismarck and Moltke wanted war as much as Napoleon III., but that fact does not excuse the criminal folly of the latter. The only reproach that M. Deschanel makes to Napoleon III. is that he did not attack Prussia sooner and make an alliance with Austria for that purpose. The idea that there was room in Europe both for France and Prussia does not seem to have occurred to him

It did, however, at a later date occur to Gambetta, and that is really his chief claim to fame. This incident in Gambetta's career embarrasses the author, whose treatment of it is not perhaps quite ingenuous. "If," he says, Gambetta "had wished to bring France nearer to Germany, would he have made the Entente with England the central feature of his programme?" This argument antedates by many years the ill-feeling between England and Germany. In 1877 Anglo-German relations were extremely cordial and an understanding with both Powers would have been the most natural thing in the world. The facts given by M. Deschanel himself show that Gambetta wished to bring France nearer to Germany; he was even willing to cede French colonial territory, if necessary, to make an agreement possible, for he recognized that Germany needed colonies. It is to the honor of Gambetta that he realized that only an understanding between France, Germany, and England could preserve the peace of Europe. It was a misfortune for France and for Europe that Spuller succeeded in dissuading him from meeting Bismarck. Like M. Rouvier and M. Caillaux after him, Gambetta was exposed to the abuse and the calumnies that have been the lot of every French statesman of the Third Republic that has tried to secure peace. For the ruling classes of the Third Republic and the Press that they control have always wanted war.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S PLAYS.

"King Lear's Wife, and Other Plays." By Gordon BOTTOMLEY. (Constable. 15s. net.)

THERE are thirteen pages of Press cuttings at the end of and concerning this volume of collected plays, and many of them rate our actor-managers for their Philistinism in not staging them. This seems to us to convey a misconception of the character and purpose of Mr. Bottomley's poetic drama. It is some years now since what some called a wave and others a fashion in poetic drama, or rather dramatic poetry, occupied the pens of the critics. It is noticeable that the wave has now ebbed, and that this form is practised very little to-day, lyrical and experimental verse having almost entirely supplanted it. Mr. Bottomley's plays are the only ones (Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts" is obviously more epic than drama) which, with the going-out of the tide, have managed to escape its "long withdrawing roar" and retain a place on the shore. It is not, therefore, an opinionated or solely personal judgment which regards the vogue of the poetic drama as a vogue rather than an expression of the natural feeling and spiritual needs of the Whatever its origin and significance, it was not a spontaneous response to the evolutionary pressure of national life and thought. It is, to our mind, a rash correlation which argues a poetic age from the abundance of verse written in it. We do not believe that our age is a poetic one, heresy as this may sound. The amount of "Gothic" written in the latter half of the eighteenth century does not prove any more than that a period weary of itself and its own traditions turned for pastime and in half-defiance to the forbidden fruit of the past. The "Castle of Otranto" is in a way a symptom of its age, but only because Horace Walpole, who was the age, wrote it. Without reflecting in any way upon its quality, we may say that modern verse stands to its age in the same relation that the "Castle of 8

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Otranto" stood to Horace Walpole, and the poetic drama accentuates the contrast, just as "The Mysteries of Udolpho" accentuates the phenomenon of the "Castle of Otranto." For this reason, rather than the more integral one of its remoteness from reality, we hold that the modern poetic drama does not find its true expression upon the stage, which, merely vulgar on one side and "highbrow" on the other, as it is in the main, must by its very nature reflect current feeling more intimately than other forms of self-expression.

Mr. Bottomley, in a beautiful poetic dedication to Mr. Sturge Moore at the beginning of "King Lear's Wife," reveals the springs of his inspiration in writing poetic drama:—

"The years come on, the years go by, And in my Northern valley I. Withdrawn from life, watch life go by. But I have formed within my heart A state that does not thus depart, Richer than life, greater than being, Truer in feeling and in seeing Than outward turbulence can know."

And further on :-

"For twenty years and more than twenty I have found my riches and my plenty In poets dead and poets living."

These plays, in fact, took life from a personality who had withdrawn his own from the life of the world, from "things that you may touch and see," and indeed from the intangible and invisible things they represent in concrete form and being. They impress us-and without any doubt they possess a singular power of mysterious evocation-as literary phenomena, not of the organic, but the inorganic regions of creation. Inorganic material has its own methods of growth and articulation, its own songs and dances, its own internal precipitation. But they are not those of awakened life; the architecture of the crystal, the experience by colored light of the emerald, the dendritic frescoes of imprisoned manganese are the songs and dances of sleep and dream. It seems to us that such is the nature of Mr. Bottomlev's con-They are not at all vague and inchoate on the contrary, these towering shadows are remarkably and firmly differentiated-passion, tragedy, terror, and violence stir in their depths-and the doom and foreboding their blackness conveys reach our sympathy as readily as though they appealed to it from the terra firma of our own conscious and awakened world. Nevertheless, they are of sleep and trance, though perhaps none the less real for that, for we can and do awaken from a dream in a very matter-of-fact sweat of horror. Here is a landscape in "Midsummer Eve," a play of cows and barns and country wenches:

"The moon seems to be high over the mist now, for there is light everywhere outside; so that, on peering into the night, it is with surprise all is found obscure and not easily definable or detachable amid the faint daze of light that feigns to illumine the valley. The women have become only black shapes upon the square litten patch which is the doorway surrounded by the blackness of the barn. A dog howls somewhere far away."

This menacing, phantasmal light is the dayspring of all the plays, and it is because it conflicts with no other that we find "The Crier by Night" and "The Riding to Lithend" especially the former-the most darkly and magically impressive of all the plays. There are remoteness and strangeness enough in "King Lear's Wife" and "Laodice and Danäe," but they are on the borderland between sleeping and waking, not sunk deeply into the thought of pure ultra-conscious mind. An image like "body worn to a soul," which positively makes you jump as Donne makes you jump with his imagery, would not be so magnificently appropriate in "King Lear's Wife" as it is in "The Crier by Night." One hesitates to grant the word genius to this extraordinary play-and there are so many of them nowadays that it would hardly be a compliment—but certainly it is the companion in power of suggestion, if not the only companion, of "Riders to the Sea." In "The Riding to Lithend," again, Mr. Bottomley has gone to the Icelandic Saga of Gunnar and his wife Hallgerd, but has not left his own broad and dark-valleyed mind. Hallgerd, the "flashing mischief," in whom men sink
"as in a quicksand," is not a woman, but an element, not of Iceland nor of the senses, but of the "powers behind the veil of sense" where Mr. Bottomley's mental personality is most at home. But, perhaps, his most striking achievement is the way he can make these shapes of an intensely brooding and often morbid and fantastic imagination speak out in taut, muscular, even gruffly vivid language. He has avoided, and very properly avoided, the tenuous chantings, effeminate imagery and listless monochrome of the Celtic drama. Mr. Bottomley's plays, in fact, are peculiar and esoteric, but they undoubtedly achieve a strong success in their own character.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"In the Clouds above Baghdad." By Lt.-Col. J. E. TENNANT, (Palmer, 15s. net.)

A GRAPHIC and vigorous account of the air campaigns in Mesopotamia and Persia, with copious and accurate details of the battles, marches, reconnaissances, and adventures both of air and land forces. The tone of the book is not always what one would desire from a fighter. "Huns" is an easy verbal offensive for the pugnacious civilian. It is interesting to read Lt.-Col. Tennant's account of a conference at G.H.Q. after the fall of Kut. They were "longing to be at the Turk again"; "perhaps," adding G.H.Q., "perhaps another patch of red was to be added to the map."

"The Charm of Oxford." By J. Wells, M.A. Illustrated by W. G. Blackall. (Simpkin, Marshall. 21s. net.)

This is a kind of luxurious guide-book to the Oxford colleges and churches, with pencil drawings by Mr. Blackall, and an accompanying portfolio of further sketches (42s. net). The letterpress is written by the Warden of Wadham. Mr. Wells is an amiable academic guide, and gives a quite competent account of college architectural styles, their traditions, and the history of their foundations. But the book is not written with any distinction or individuality, and sentences like this on the "academic home of the Prince of Wales' "The Prince, unlike other royal persons at Magdalen and elsewhere, lived (1912-14) not in the lodgings of the President or among dons and professors, but in his own set of rooms, like any ordinary undergraduate. He showed, in Oxford, that power of self-adaptation which has since won him golden opinions in the Great Dominion and the greater Republic of the West "-make us welcome a split infinitive in the third line of the Preface as a relief from academic complacence. The drawings have considerable grace and delicacy.

"Betty Stevenson, Y.M.C.A. (Croix de Guerre avec Palme)." Edited by C. G. R. S. and A. G. S. (Longmans.

HAPPY is the country in which it can be said that there is really nothing very remarkable about this book. It is just an account of a young girl-daughter of educated, professional people, brought up in the ordinary manner of that class, fond of animals, fond of the world, abounding in health and vigor and high spirits, fond of pretty dresses, delighting in cleanliness, but quite capable of hardship and dirt and rags and hunger when needs must. Welcoming every fortune with a smile of ironic cheerfulness, full of natural and open affection, expressed in careless merriment, if expressed at all—she was described by one who knew her well as "a true Englishwoman," and, without undue patriotism, we are proud to think the description true. Happy is the country in which there is nothing really very remarkable in such a woman as that! And at twenty-one she was killed. As she stood to take cover where there was no cover, somewhere near her camp at Etaples, a fragment of a bomb pierced her active and humorous brain, and her merry smile remained upon her face after she was dead. When the present writer heard of that fatal raid, he little thought who it was that was killed, and now he can only say that anyone who wants to find out what the English people are at their best, and why, in spite of all, the race is worth struggling for, he should read this record of a brief and

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ROMANO'S LIMITED.

SATISFACTORY RESULTS OF CURRENT YEAR.

THE EIGHTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of Romano's Limited was held on the 7th inst., at Romano's Restaurant, Mr. W. B. Purefoy (Chairman of the

shareholders of Romano's Limited was held on the 7th inst., at Romano's Restaurant, Mr. W. B. Purefoy (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. J. McDonald Cobban) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,
The Chairman said:—Gentlemen, you have all seen the balance-sheet, but there are a few remarks I should like to make to you about it, and I must ask your kind attention to some of the figures, which are important.

PROFITS AND TAXATION.

The first thing you will notice is that the net profit for the year is only £9,277 19s. 8d., compared to last year's net profit of £14,952 17s. 4d., a decrease of £5,674 17s. 8d. You will see, however, that this drop in the net profits is not due to small takings or loss of business. Our gross profit on trading is £31,198 2s. 9d., as against £34,778 3s. 9d., or a drop of only £580 1s. The loss on profit is made up of increased income-tax, £1,711 1s. 4d. Additional, but very necessary, renewals, £1,260 2s. 9d., and additional working expenses, £2,146, 12s. With regard to the first item, increased income-tax, we are suffering, in common with the rest of the nation. With regard to renewals, these were necessarily kept down as low as possible during the war, and have to be made up for. With regard to the additional working expenses, these are also inevitable; but the board are keeping a close eye on every article.

CLIENTELE.

The main point is that we have kept together our clientèle.

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CLIENTELE.

The main point is that we have kept together our clientèle, and are doing nearly as big a business as in the bumper and record year which followed the end of the war. Gentlemen, I think you will agree with me that this is very satisfactory, and is due to the unceasing efforts of our managing director, Mr. Douglas Ridley, and the efficient staff under him. (Cheers.) We are also taking care of our customers, as far as it is possible to do so in these expensive days. The prices of our wines, cigars, &c., have not been put up since the Budget, not even the prices of whiskies and bottled beers. We have put up on our own premises a new mess room and cloak room for the waiters, at a very reasonable cost, as things go nowadays.

The American Bar.

This has enabled us to open an American bar and soda fountain downstairs. Owing to labor difficulties, this could not be opened till June 14, but it has been a pronounced success. The business there has been progressive, and it is undoubtedly becoming a rendezvous for Bohemian London.

Shareholders who appreciate a good cocktail or an American soft drink can help to make it known by dropping in there occasionally, and I am sure they will like its cool and clean appearance.

During the vear an opportunity occurred of securing the CLIENTELE.

cocasionally, and I am sure they will like its cool and clean appearance.

During the year an opportunity occurred of securing the freehold of No. 7, and half of No. 8, Maiden-lane.

It was an opportunity which might never occur again, and after consulting some of our largest shareholders we secured this valuable addition to our premises for a sum of £4,457 13s. 10d. We therefore now own freehold premises from the Strand right back to Maiden-lane, which must materially add to the value of our property.

You will be glad to hear that, as compared with last year, our takings up to August 22 this year are over £600 up, which leads us to hope that this time next year we shall again have a satisfactory balance-sheet to place before you.

You will notice our stock-in-trade has increased from £34,172 7s. 4d. to £36.185 14s., and I am prepared to maintain that no restaurant in London of our size has such a carefully selected and valuable stock.

You may have noticed that the representative of one of the leading evening newspapers last week said he drew blank the whole of the Wester for neartifice out the value of the work of the work of the weekley of the weather the section of Scatter where the state of the section of Scatter where the leading the section of Scatter where the state of the section of Scatter where the section of Scatter was the section of Scatter where the section of Scatter was the section of Scatter where the section of Scatter was the section of Scatter where the section of Scatter was the section of Scatter where the section of Scatter was the section of Scatter where the section of Scatter was the section of Scatter where the section of Scatter was the section of Scatte

Selected and valuable stock.

You may have noticed that the representative of one of the leading evening newspapers last week said he drew blank the whole of the West-end for partridges on the evening of September 1, till he came to Romano's, where he found a supply of fine young birds at a moderate cost.

PARTRIDGES BY AEROPLANE.

Our enterprising managing director had had the forethought to have a supply of partridges sent up by aeroplane, so that our customers while sampling the first Drivers oysters of the year, were also able to enjoy their first partridge. Let us hope he will have an equally pleasant surprise for us on October 1.

In conclusion, we still keep to our old motto of "Best of everything being good enough for Romano's, but only just good enough." Our customers respond by continuing to patronize us, which is a great compliment in these days of competition. I now beg to move:—"That the directors' report and balance-sheet be adopted, and that the dividend at the rate of 7½ percent. on the share capital, free of income-tax, be declared." If any shareholder wishes to ask any questions on the balance-sheet or the report before this resolution is put to the meeting I should be happy to answer them to the best of my ability.

Mr. W. S. Schuster seconded the resolution, on being put to the meeting, was declared carried unanimously.

The Chairman then proposed that the retiring director, Major H. Read Darley, be re-elected a director of the company.

Major Darley, he said, had been of valuable assistance to the country during the war, and the board were pleased to have him back to assist in the administration of the company. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. H. A. Forsyth seconded the resolution, which was

hear.)
Mr. H. A. Forsyth seconded the resolution, which was unanimously approved.

On the motion of Mr. W. S. Schuster, seconded by Mr. F. C. Quinton, the auditors (Messrs. Blakemore, Elgar and Co.) were reappointed.

Mr. Schuster then proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and the staff of the company for the way in which they had conducted the business during the past year. He had known the directors personally for many years, and, he thought, for a business such as theirs, a better board could not be found. They were the right people in the right place. (Cheers.)

(Cheers.)
The motion was seconded by Mr. Quinton, and unanimously

approved.

The Chairman, in reply, thanked the shareholders for the vote of thanks, and said that the board would continue in the future, as in the past, to do their best to promote the welfare of the company.

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER AND PARR'S BANK LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Chairman : WALTER LEAF, Esq.

Deputy-Chairmen

SIR MONTAGU TURNER, R. HUGH TENNANT, Esq.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL -£33,000,000 PAID-UP CAPITAL - -8,503,718 RESERVE -8,750,000

(30th June, 1920.)

Current, Deposit and other Accounts £322,646,306

HEAD OFFICE: 41, LOTHBURY, E.C. 2

Chief General Managers:
F. J. BARTHORPE, JOHN RAE.

FOREIGN BRANCH OFFICE: 82, CORNHILL, E.C. 3

BELGIAN BRANCHES: 12 - 41, Place de Meir. 13 - 114 & 116, Rue Royale. ANTWERP BRUSSELS

SPANISH BRANCHES:
BARCELONA - Paseo de Gracia 8 & 10.
BILBAO - Gran Via 9.
MADRID Avenida del Conde de Penalver, 21 & 23.
AFFILIATED IN FRANCE:
LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER & PARR'S FOREIGN
BANK LIMITED.
PARIS - 22 Diagram 14 & 10.

22, Place Vendôme.
22 and 24, Cours de l'Intendance.
37, Rue de la République.
29, Rue Cannebière.
5, Rue Lafayette. BORDEAUX LYONS MARSEILLES NANTES

AFFILIATED IN IRELAND: ULSTER BANK LIMITED.

All Cheques on the Ulster Bank will be collected for Customers of this Bank, free of Commission.

The Bank is represented by Branches or Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns of the United Kingdom and has Correspondents throughout the World.

EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE DUTIES UNDERTAKEN

SALES BY AUCTION.

By direction of W. Pethick Lawrence, Esq.

By direction of W. Pethick Lawrence, Esq.
SURREY.
Under a mile from Holmwood Station on the L. B. & S. C. Railway.
One of the choicest positions within 31 miles of London.
The attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, designed by Sir E. LUTYENS,
known as
"THE MASCOT," HOLMWOOD
containing hall, three reception and a billiard room, seven bed and
one dressing room, bathroom, offices, &c.; lovely GARDENS of over
ONE ACRE, with VACANT POSSESSION.

THE SUNDIAL, HOLMWOOD.

Accommodation: hall, two reception rooms, bathroom, three bedrooms, and usual offices; delightful garden; with vacant possession. A Freehold motor garage with possession; and five weekly cottages, all let and producing £59 l8s. per annum, landlord paying outgoings. In five Lots.

In five Lots.

H AMPTON and SONS, in conjunction with WHITE and SONS, will SELL the above by AUCTION, at Winchester House, Old Broad-street, E.C. (Hall 47), on Tuesday, September 22th, 1820 (unless previously sold privately). Illustrated particulars, plan, and conditions of Sale may be obtained from the Auctioneers, White and Sons, 18, High-street, Porking, Surrey; Hampton and Sons, 3, Cockspur-street, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Stock Exchange has apparently already made up its mind that there is to be no coal strike, for despite the fact that the holiday atmosphere has not yet been dissipated, markets opened the week with quite a pronounced firmness. In face of the impending corporation issue mentioned below, the gilt-edged section has shown a firm front, with small recoveries here and there; while in other sections, where business may have been on quite a small scale, higher quotations have generally been marked. Speculation in oils continues, the Continent now taking a hand in the buying of Royal Dutch and Shells. Conditions in the money market have not shown much change, the pressure for accommodation being perhaps a trifle less heavy. The weekly revenue return was a distinctly disappointing one, thanks partly to last week's disbursement of dividends of something like £20 millions. Expenditure at £29 millions exceeded revenue by £13 millions, while the floating debt rose by £171 millions, so that the net reduction for the present financial year, which recently was £64 millions, is now only £45 millions, including the amount received from Treasury bonds. The week's increase in the floating debt comprises an addition of no less than £221 millions to temporary advances from the Bank of England, a reduction of £7 millions in advances from public departments, and an increase of £21 millions in the total of Treasury Bills outstanding. The most favorable feature of the return is a further reduction of over £4 millions in external debt, probably in connection with the repayment of this country's share of the Anglo-French Loan maturing on October 15th next. The August Trade Returns, showing an adverse balance of less than £25 millions, are quite satisfactory, a welcome feature being the substantial reduction in imports from America.

THE FRENCH LOAN IN AMERICA.

The publication of the terms of the loan to be raised in America by the French Government should prove to be a steadying influence on the exchanges, which in recent weeks have been subject to some irregularity as a direct result of rumors in this connection and the absence of any official pronouncement as to the method by which France was to repay the balance of her share of the Anglo-French Loan in New York for £100 millions which matures in the middle of next month. About £30 millions of France's share is covered by exchange operations carried out by the French Treasury and important consignments of gold, the first of which was despatched from Havre to New York on Saturday last. The loan now to be raised is for £20 millions, and is to have a currency of twenty-five years. Principal and interest are repayable in United States gold coin in New York, interest being at 8 per cent. A sinking fund is to be set up, under which bonds to the amount of \$4 millions are to be purchased in the open market annually during the first five years at prices not to exceed \$110. Anglo-French bonds will be accepted in payment at \$1021. The issue, which is purely an external obligation of the French Government, may attract European investors having dollar funds.

ARGENTINE RAILS.

The year 1919-20 was an exceedingly prosperous one for the Republic of Argentina, and the harvest for the second time in succession was a bumper one. This has undoubtedly meant heavy traffic for the Argentine Railroads, whose fortunes are largely dependent upon the size of the crops. The annual reports of the principal companies will shortly be making an appearance, and, judging by the traffic returns to June 30th, they should make a very good showing. Here are the increases shown by the four principal lines in their receipts for the twelve months:—

	Gross.	Net.
B. A. & Pacific	1 ,863,000 °	
B. A. Gt. Southern	+ 2,152,000	$\pm 1,522,000$
B. A. Western	→ 1,528,000	+ 801,000
Central Argentine	4 2,659,000	+ 2,066,000

These receipts are converted into sterling at the normal rate of exchange, so that with Argentine currency at its present premium there is an additional source of revenue for the companies when remittances are made to this country for dividend payments. At present quotations the ordinary stocks of these lines give a yield, on the basis of last year's dividends, of about 7 per cent. Some increase in distributions might be expected in view of the excellent showing of traffic receipts, but the directors have always adopted in the past a very conservative policy in the matter of profit appropriation, and as receipts for the current year are not showing such large increases it may be that they will be content merely to maintain last year's rates. At the moment the Labour question, which for many years has been the bugbear of the companies, is causing no trouble, but working costs continue to rise and fuel supplies are a difficult problem.

CALICO PRINTERS.

It will be generally found that the fortunes of companies connected with the textile industry are liable to considerable fluctuations, and this is especially the case with concerns in Lancashire, where trade booms and depressions are more frequent than in any other trade. This is exemplified in the financial history of the Calico Printers' Association, whose report for the two years ended June 30th last has appeared this week. In 1906-7, for instance, the net profit amounted to £424,000, but fell in the following year to £93,400. In three years' time it had risen again to £403,800, but fell in 1913-14 to £105,500. In the first year of war, when Lancashire experienced a severe slump, there was a net loss of £179,200, and £200,000 was withdrawn from reserve. Since then, however, the Company has flourished, and for the past two years the net profit, after allowing a relatively much larger amount for maintenance, depreciation, &c., amounted to £1,217,000, as compared with £570,000 for 1917-18. The ordinary dividend for the past twelve months is raised from 5 to 10 per cent., and the balance forward is increased by £263,700, after a transfer of £300,000 to reserve. The financial history of this important and well-managed Lancashire concern adds weight to the oft-repeated warning that investors should be particularly chary at the present time of partaking in undertakings which are being floated at to-day's inflated values with a capital upon which it will be impossible to pay remunerative dividends when the inevitable slump in the cotton trade comes along.

ANOTHER JOINT CORPORATION ISSUE.

The prospectus of the first joint corporation loan since the Coventry, Lincoln, Middlesbrough, and South Shields Loans in the middle of July is expected to appear at the end of the week. The borrowers this time are the Corporations of Brighton, Bristol, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Swansea, and it is understood that each will ask for £1,000,000, the loans being raised principally for housing purposes. terms are the same as those for the four corporation Loan in July, interest being at 6 per cent. and the price of issue 951, the stocks being redeemable 1940-50, which is two years later than the previous issue. Some of the other recent corporation and county issues did not meet with a particularly good response at the time of issue, though many have since gone to a premium. It will not be safe, however, for the intending investor to wait until the lists are closed on the chance of being able to secure stock at a discount.

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